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Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 1.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA!

HAMPTON COURSE RACES.

The "Express Mail" of Wednesday and Thursday having failed south of Washington, we have not received an official report of the very important meeting held upon the new "Hampton Course" at Augusta, Ga. No meeting so important as this has been held since that of the New Orleans Club, and the result of the Bascombe and Argyle match was not awaited with greater impatience by Turfmen in Virginia and at the North. We are indebted to the Editors of The Constitutionalist, The Free Press, and The Chronicle, at Augusta, for Express Mail "slips" containing the result of the races on the first four days, from which we gather the facts annexed.

On Monday, Feb. 5th, Hammond's b. g. *Cowdriver* beat *Zip Coon*, in a match for $500 aside, one mile out, in 1:55.

On Tuesday, the Sweepstakes of six subs., at $1000 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats, for 3 yr. olds, was won by Mr. McCargo's b. c. *Steele*, by Imp. Fylde, out of the dam of Sally Eubanks, beating the imported filly *Emily*, and *Gerow*, in 3:56—3:59—4:01. Emily winning the 1st heat.

Mr. McCargo's b. f. *Missouri*, by Eclipse, the second day won a Sweepstakes, open to all ages, mile heats, beating Hardheart, Ajarrah Harrison, Clodhopper, and Susan, in 1:54—1:54—1:55.

On Wednesday, the Plate race, Two mile heats, was won by Mr. McCargo's b. c. *Billy Townes*, a 3 yr. old, by Imp, Fylde, out of a mare by Virginian, beating *Big John*, in 3:57—3:58.

Gen. Thomas, the same day, won a Sweepstakes, Mile heats, with a 3 yr. old b. f. by Falstaff, out of a Gallatin mare, in 1:59—2:08, beating a "4 yr. old b. m." of Mr. Glascock's.

On Thursday, the purse of $600, for Three mile heats, was won by Col. Hampton's Imp. b. c. *Monarch*, by Priam, out of Delphine, by Whisker, 3 yrs., beating *Sally Vandyke*, in 6:25—6:27, during a violent storm of rain.

On Friday, the purse of $1500, for Four mile heats, was won by Mr. Hammond's ch. c. *John Guedron*, by Bertrand, out of Madona, by Precursor, 3 yrs., beating *Charlotte Russe*, who won the 1st heat, and distancing *Leannah* and *Mary Gardner*, in 8:31—8:26—8:18. Charlotte ran second the 2d heat, and was then withdrawn. The track was excessively deep from previous rains.

Postscript.—The "Express Mail of Friday is in, and we have no report. Is our Agent alive? He was sent there *expressly* to report this meeting.

We have before us full reports of the recent race meetings at Alexandria, La., and St. Matthews, S. C., but have room this week for merely this summary:—

At Alexandria, Tuesday, Jan. 2d, *Lunnet* won the two mile purse, beating Diamond. Jan. 3d, *Extio* won the three mile purse, beating Joe Kearney and Longitude. Jan. 4th, *Oscar* won the mile heats purse, beating Grey Maria and Rapide. Jan. 5th, *Joe Kearney* won the purse for mile heats, best 3 in 5, beating Wings and Diamond.

At St. Matthews, Tuesday, Jan. 9th, a b. c., by Argyle, won the sweepstakes of 5 subs. at $100 each, P. P., two mile heats, beating colts by Imp. Luzborough and Godolphin. Jan. 10th, *Eliza Riley* won the purse for two mile heats, beating Philip and a. ch. f. by Rob Roy. Same day, *Clodhopper* won the mile heats purse, beating Grey Dragon and the Argyle colt that won the sweepstakes. Same day, *Lilla Green* won a sweepstakes, mile heats, beating Gabriella and a filly by Luzborough.

NEW VOLUME FOR 1838.

New-York Spirit of the Times;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

THE Eighth Volume of this publication, (being the Third of the New Series) commenced on the 17th of February, 1838. To maintain the character of the work as an interesting and authentic SPORTING JOURNAL, and, if possible, to elevate it, and give to its contents additional value, is the sole design of the Editor. No material change is contemplated, save in the mechanical part of the paper, and in this particular the Editor believes that the SPIRIT OF THE TIMES will bear a comparison with the most elegant periodicals in the country.

The present, like the preceding volume, will contain a complete AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, for the current year. That this Calendar may be full and accurate, all the more important Race Meetings throughout the Union will be attended by the Editor in person, or by Reporters employed for the express purpose; and every exertion will be made by a very large and expensive CORRESPONDENCE to obtain, as heretofore, early reports of all other Meetings. This volume will also contain *Alphabetical Lists of* AMERICAN WINNING HORSES, at all distances, arranged in Tables—a perfect LIST OF STALLIONS for 1838—Table of WINNING TROTTING HORSES—and a complete List of ENGLISH WINNING HORSES, at all distances, during the year 1837. In the Lists of Winning Horses the reader is presented at one view with the age, color, sire, dam, and owner of each horse, with the weight carried, the time, the horses beaten, the date of the race, and the course, with the folio of the page specified in which in the paper the detailed report of the race may be found.

The first number of the volume contains the Table of FOUR MILE WINNERS IN 1837, uniform with which the other Tables of Winners at three, two, and one mile heats will appear. In the LIST OF STALLIONS is given the name, color, pedigree, owner or agent's address, and terms, of all the distinguished Stallions in the Union, the whole comprising a mass of intelligence to be found in no other publication in this country, and which combines every leading feature embraced by the *Stud Book*, the *Turf Register*, and the *Racing Calendar*.

The ENGLISH TURF will claim our constant attention, and everything relating to it will be carefully culled from the British Sporting Magazines and papers, likely to contribute to the interest or information of the American Breeder and Turfman. The *Sporting Department* of the paper will embrace the following subjects, respecting which every possible information will be given:—

THE AMERICAN AND ENGLISH TURF;
IMPORTATIONS AND SALES OF BLOOD STOCK AT HOME AND ABROAD;
ESSAYS ON BREEDING AND TRAINING;
RACING ANG TROTTING CHALLENGES; RACING APPOINTMENTS;
SWEEPSTAKES AND MATCHES;
ANNUAL LISTS OF AMERICAN AND ENGLISH WINNING HORSES;
ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES;
PEDIGREES AND PERFORMANCES OF DISTINGUISHED HORSES;
HUNTING, SHOOTING, AND FISHING;
PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC, AND OTHER SPORTS.

To relieve the paper from the monotony which might be objected to, if Sporting Intelligence formed the exclusive object of attention, a large space will be devoted each week to the affairs of THE DRAMA, and to light and ELEGANT LITERATURE. The interests of the American and English Stage are so closely and inseparably connected, that we shall, as heretofore, take cognizance of both. The Spirit of the Times finds its way into every Green Room in the Union, and has so many correspondents among the profession, as to have acquired a character for authentic, exclusive, and early *Green Room Intelligence*, not exceeded by any journal whatever.

In the LITERARY DEPARTMENT the Editor will aim only at culling from the English and American magazines, the choicest flowers of wit and sentiment, and with the appliances at his command, he doubts not to make this portion of his columns gay, graceful, and spirited. And to give zest to the whole, the Editor will aim to crowd into his columns all the FUN AND FROLIC of the town, the GOOD THINGS of his friends, and the BEST JOKES of his brother Editors. In fine, he hopes to make his paper the gayest and liveliest in the world; yielding to none in the character of its gleanings from elegant literature, but resting its claims for support mainly upon the Sporting Department, which will be made as valuable and comprehensive as labor and expense can make it.

No Local Agents are employed by the Proprietors—gentlemen wishing the paper will therefore remit by mail.

A number of files from the commencement of the volume will be preserved for new subscribers. This course is adopted, as the valuable STATISTICAL TABLES of the paper nearly all appear in the early part of the year.

Terms of Subscription and Advertising.

The *New York Spirit of the Times* for Town and Country, is published *every Saturday Morning*, in the Imperial Quarto form, for binding, and an *Index* is given with the last number of the volume. It is printed on fine white paper, of the mammoth size, upon a clear and beautiful type. Great care is taken to forward it strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

For One Year's Subscription, in advance. $5 00
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For one Square, (twenty-two lines), first insertion $5 00
For Ditto (Ditto), each subsequent insertion, . . . 1 00

Publication office, 157 Broadway, where all communications, post-paid, may be addressed.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Don't all speak at once!" We have not half room enough to sling a cat in to-day's paper, and have half a dozen quires of copy of our own waiting its turn. But we promise to show fair play. It's as much as we can do to get a word in edge wise, though more than half of our space is occupied with original matter. We shall do our prettiest to give your favors a place as speedily as possible.

Communications are before us from "Zoloe"—"B."—"Scobright"—"W. E."—"Lewis of L." and several others, which will receive the earliest attention.

T. M. D. Esq., is hereby apprised that his order for a trotting sulky and harness to match, is in the hands of the manufacturers, who will fill it under J. C.'s supervision.

The *Foxes* wanted for a Southern friend will have salt on their tails, we trust, before this sheet reaches the banks of the Santee.

A communication relative to the 2d vol. of the "Sportsman's Herald & General Stud Book," shall have a place ere long.

I. bets B. $1000 that his colt can win a certain purse, four mile heats, in 8 minutes. The colt wins the 1st heat in 7:59, and the 2d in 8:01, making 16:00. Who wins? *Ans.* B.

G. W. W. Esq., who complains that late numbers of the paper have been "all horse," and desires something more about "Dogs and Guns, Fly Fishing and Trolling," etc., is respectfully invited to give us something on these interesting topics himself. Give us an account of some of your feats last summer "across the Lake" with that prince of good fellows, C. B., Esq.

Things Theatrical.

That "there is nothing new under the sun" can scarcely be asserted literally of our city theatricals at this moment, yet it must be allowed on all hands that our managers were never presenting so little of novelty or of dramatic interest to attract houses. This "plentiful lack" of entertainment, is of course no inconsiderable cause of the prevailing apathy on theatrical subjects; and this, too, is the season of the year when the more fascinating social pleasures draw off thousands from public amusements. The effect of these two causes combined, has been shy houses and poor fun at the theatres for some weeks past.

The debut of *La Petite* AUGUSTA, on Monday last, caused a slight sensation among the veteran playgoers,—the whole corps editorial and the entire free list were on hand to greet the pretty artiste, and they did greet her warmly, and well did she deserve it. We confess ourselves to have been astonished by her excellence. With a very fine person, a dark and expressive eye, and much tact and talent for the stage, this little Philadelphia pet may safely look forward, with all hope and confidence to professional honors. By all means should she go abroad at once, and commence a most diligent and thorough course of study of her art, the department which she has chosen, of all others, requiring unceasing industry. If Miss Maywood (the real name, as *they say*, of this lady,) is fortunate in her advisers, and will but persevere to go through with all the indispensable drudgery, her career must inevitably prove brilliant and lucrative. No class of artistes are better renumerated than the beautiful dancers.

On Tuesday evening Miss CUSHMAN took her first benefit at the Park, but father Jove was unpropitious; it poured all the afternoon and evening, and the house was consequently thin, and the few present came in wet and cross and very ill disposed for the soft influence of music. But ere the evening elapsed the house became cheerful, and cheered loudly upon Miss Cushman's entrance in the third act of Rob Roy, and the whole went off quite as it should. Miss COWAN played Di Vernon, and Linda in Der Freischutz; and we never heard her in finer voice, nor saw her in better condition,—"she wos werry plump and vell made," as the elder Mr. Weller said of Samivel's Mary.

On Thursday evening the manager brought out the prettily denominated *Zazezizozu*,—something in the style of the Card Party, an old favorite at this theatre, when Mrs. SHARPE was the ornament and pride of the Park company.

An advertisement has just met our eye, which informs us that Mr. JOHN GRAHAM, the blind Scottish poet, whose cause we have so often pleaded with the public, will take a benefit at the National Theatre on Wednesday next. Mr. Graham is personally known to us as a man possessed of strong poetical genius, and of a character without stain or blemish. His admirers, in former years, have "come to the rescue" in handsome style, and we cannot doubt but that on the approaching occesion the same enthusiasm will be manifested in his behalf. His affliction—his manly resignation—his talents—his virtues are, we trust, sufficiently known and appreciated to shield him from neglect. Independent of any other and nobler consideration, the fact of Mr. Henry Johnston having volunteered to play the part of Sir Pertinax MacSycophant, ought itself to be sufficient to fill the house to overflowing.

THEATRICALS IN BOSTON.

The Tremont Theatre is carrying all before it with the superior talents of your old favorite, Mrs. SHAW, the graceful AUGUSTA and Miss KERR, and the charming singing of Madame OTTO, Mr. MORLEY, and Mr. HORNCASTLE.

Mrs. Shaw established herself as a general favorite at her first performance, which was "Julia," in the Hunchback. Such a Julia has not been seen since the days of FANNY KEMBLE. Since that she has played "Constance" in the Love Chace, the Youthful Queen, Lady Teazle, Bianca, Miss Dorrillon, in "Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are;" and, last, Agnes de Vere, with equal success. In Constance she was the theme of eulogy and admiration. Her description of the chase was full of life, energy and beauty: in the language of Wildrake, she described the huntsman's pastime to the life—it was all that her own beautiful person and eloquence of expression, could give it. Her Julia was also a beautiful performance; many of the pathetic passages were almost beyond the power of words to express. As Bianca, the press have pronounced an unanimous expression of praise; some parts, particularly the last, seem unrivalled. Agnes De Vere was produced for the first time at the Tremont Theatre last evening. Mrs. Shaw added another wreath to her brow by her eloquent, chaste, and beautiful performance of the principal character. Her own elegant person, together with that charm of nature which she infuses in her characters cannot fail to call forth the delight and admiration of the audience. Byron's *Sardanapalus* is now in rehearsal for Mrs. Shaw's benefit. We only regret her stay among us is limited.

The *Bayadere* has been most magnificently got up and promises a long "run." Mr. BARRY, with his usual liberality has spared no pains nor expense in perfecting every department; the last scene by Mr. STOCKWELL excels any thing we have ever had in the city. Augusta, the charming Augusta, with her fairy movements, and bounding grace, is creating an immense "excitation" here, and leaving an indelible impression upon the hearts of all who witness her fairy-like movements.—She is pronounced by all the votaries of dancing to be the most finished and graceful artiste that has ever visited us. Miss KERR, too, the pretty Miss Kerr [!!] whose laughing eyes, and looks so full of archness, spirit and vivacity, a year or two since gathered together such a host of admirers during her engagement in this city, has made "a palpable hit" as Fatima. There is a beauty in all her attitudes, a precision in her movements, and graceefulness in all her positions, which give to her naturally energetic style a peculiar charm. We always considered her a fine dancer; but really she has now made herself in every particular master of her art. The papers have spoken in the highest terms of her performance. [!]

Madame ORRO is as great a favorite as ever—she is the divine cantatrice—the very *otto* of true melody; she has a remarkably sweet voice, of fine power and perfect intonation, and her melting strains are truly enchanting; her ease in executing the most difficult passages is truly wonderful, and her German accent in most cases rather add to the beauty. In the Bayadere her pretty melody in that passage—"But Celestials ope dere wings through the kisses of de breeze," is always met with great applause. During Madame Otto's engagement we are to have the Sonnambula, with her Amina, besides several other operas. The public anticipate a rich treat from this. Madame Otto's charming voice, as clear as a silver bell, I am sure, must give perfect effect to the thrilling passages of the Sonnambula;—her benefit will be a bumper. Mr. Barry's liberality, politeness, and gentlemanly conduct, has endeared him to a host of friends, and I may safely say he is the most popular manager we have ever had.

Boston, Oct. 12, 1838. Yours truly, W. E.

P.S. A new play entitled "*Marian*," written by HENRY F. HARRINGTON, Esq., is in rehearsal.—Marian by Mrs. SHAW.

THEATRICALS IN WASHINGTON.

Sir—Mr. WARD closed his campaign on the 6th; but for the last week, (with the exception of the manager's benefit night) the muse of tragedy has hovered over so deserted a fane, that, to relieve the sad spectacle of her woes, I will recur for a moment to Mr. BURTON. For his benefit, on the 25th ult., he appeared in three new pieces, very happily suited to him, before so numerous and fashionable an assembly, that if his eyes and ears were not perfectly satisfied, he must be, in temper, "the most unfortunate man in the world." He was re-engaged for three nights, on the third of which he performed "Wildrake," in the "Love Chase," to a very crowded house.

The comedy was much compressed, owing probably to the short space of time allowed for its study, we could not therefore judge of its merits, "all in all," as you in N. York have been enabled to do. Mr. Burton, as "Wildrake," was received very favorably. The "Widow Green" received justice from Mrs. HUGHES, whose readings always evince care and taste, and who has the merit, (is it not a rare one!) of entering fully into the spirit of her characters. Mrs. KNIGHT's "Lydia" was interesting, and met with due approbation.

To continue with the *tragic* week. On Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE JONES appeared as Romeo and Juliet. This tragedy is so familiar to play-goers, that few come to witness it unless some star of surpassing brilliancy sheds lustre over Juliet's woes. To my poor thinking, she who would "teach the torches to burn bright," should be in voice, accent, look, gesture, motion, refined to the very "likeness of a sigh," and then, perhaps, like Momus, with the Goddess of beauty, I should find fault if her footfall reached my ear.

Mrs. J's "Bianca Fazio," and "Portia," I did not see: the first was much approved by the few whom I have heard mention it: her "Mariana" I think very interesting. Monday evening, the 5th instant, "The Hunchback" and "The Gamester" were performed for her benefit. Of "Julia" I will say nothing, for I retain a vivid recollection of Miss KEMBLE in the part, and but the last season saw Miss CLIFTON in it. It would be unfair to draw comparisons between an inexperienced actress and those of long study and practice; but for Mr. JONES, as "Sir Thomas Clifford," if he were not *somewhat imperfect* in his role—why—"There are more fools in Rome" than myself, and it is agreeable not to be alone in one's stupidity.

The first act of the "Gamester" was omitted; portions of the remainder were given in a manner equally comic and original. The part of "Stukely" was filled by an actor, of whom I think I may venture to say, that he has in general a very good memory, but in the present case, like Coriolanus, his "memory was tired." Mrs. Jones, as "Mrs. Beverley," supported it until her memory, or perhaps her patience was also tired, whereupon "Stukely" turned a step or two towards the side, and continued with a sang froid which had the merit of being in character—"Will you be so good as to give me the word, if you please?" In the last scene some one hesitated: the expiring Gamester—Mr. Jones—gathering strength from despair, exclaimed, "give the word! quick!—my moments are but few." For my part, perfection could not have satisfied me so well as did these "*new readings*," for domestic tragedies give me the horrors so completely, that I absolutely felt a debt of gratitude to those who prevented any illusion.

The houses were *very* thin during the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Jones: there were many parties, and the characters Mrs. J. played have been personated here by Miss Kemble and Miss Clifton.

On Tuesday night came Mr. WARD's benefit, and with it Mr. BOOTH, whose talents are highly prized here. Be sure the house was full enough. The play was "Brutus," in which character Mr. Booth was received with great applause. As I had never before seen him, I was much gratified with this choice, for Roman characters are my favorites beyond all others. I read Mr. B. to be a man of powerful and cultivated intellect; (pray tell me, is it not so?) yet, highly as I rate his talents, I will not agree with a friend of his, that his reading is superior to VANDENHOFF's.

Mr. Ward announced the appearance of Mr. FORREST, in two weeks from the 7th. There can be no doubt of his drawing great houses; every body is anxious to witness the corrections which time and study have made in the "Metamora" points of his playing. En passant, Forrest and Miss Clifton ought to play "Antony and Cleopatra" together; I believe the tragedy has not been performed since Mrs. WHITLOCK's day, and I am sure none can be better suited to the "Herculean Roman" than Mr. F., or than Miss C., to the magnificent Queen of Egypt.

FINN gives what he calls a "*Soirée Comicale*," this evening; owing to some misunderstanding, he arrived too late to play for Mr. Ward, so he thus "sets up for himself." I imagine his "soiree" will be well attended.

Washington, Feb. 9th. 1838. "A. B."

IMPROMPTU.

"His stud's immense, but do his horses pay?"
Inquired a friend concerning Mr. T.—
"That," I replied, "I'm not prepared to say,
I only know *he backs them heavily*."*

* There may be some, even in the Sporting World, who do not know that the worthy proprietor of the great R—l—w—th Stud goes to saddle an honest twenty-five stone. Eng. Sport. Mag.

A CUT IN PASSING.—A few years back a little boy well known in the Royal Hunt, who had distinguished himself and pony on several occasions, happened on one of them to be very near a certain royal personage who has lately become king of an independent state.

His Highness, who was always well mounted, outstripped the boy and his pony across a field, but on coming to the fence he pulled up; and while craning at it, the boy, who was now at his heels, exclaimed, "If you don't like it, get out of the way!" This request, though made in a style very unusual to the ear of royalty, was complied with by his Highness, who probably thought he was unknown to the young Nimrod. But not so; for the urchin, with a significant look, shouted as he crammed his pony at it, "You're a pretty fellow for a Duke!"

London (New) Sporting Mag.

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE.

RORY O'MOORE'S VERSION.

An ex-Scotch member, a grave, religious, matter of fact man, Major Cumming Bruce, at a political dinner a few days ago, stated that the Queen, having been interrogated respecting her matrimonial views by Lord Melbourne, sharply answered that there was but one man in the kingdom she sighed for, and that was the Duke of Wellington! At the time of the Catholic bill we remember its being announced by the Tory organs that the Marquis of Douro was meant to be the happy man; but the Duke was not then a widower. As the version of Major Bruce is rather succinct, we copy from *The Chronicle* the following detailed account:—

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL.

King Arthur reigns in England,
In Ireland reigns King Dan,
The Queen in Windsor Castle;
Dethrone them if you can.

Honored Sir,—Our bread is baked black; and your fine spikulations about Masthur Johnny go for nothing. The match is made, sure enough; *Counsellor Prate* is drawing up the marriage articles, and the Queen is to be married o' Michaelmas morning to the Duke of Wellington. I seen an empty coach and four rowlin' away from the Castle this morning, with nothing at all in it barrin Mr. Hudson, and they tould me he was flyin' post to fetch up the Archbishop of Exeter to tie the happy knot. *O wirra strue*, if a body could a' thought she'd fancy so ould a boy as that, 'tis yourself we'd a' put in nomination for the state long ago.

Now, don't go for to suppose that 'tis wantin's to ampose upon your innosense I am. Not a word o' lie in it. I heard it from a *Consarvative*, and by coorse, you no, it must be true.

There's one Cummins, a High Lander, up at the Castle, a runner to the Wally de Sham of the King that was, and now a soart of suppernumery tay-boy of the backstairs; he was put into the sarvice by a natheral first cousin of his own—Squire Bruce they call him—who had a power of influence in the ould times (I dar say you knew something about him in the Parliament House). This chap—not Squire Bruce, but his cousin Cummins—is all and all with the Queen's under-housemaid's deputy's assistant's own maid; and that's the lake that the whole murder came out through, jist as I am going to tell it to you.

One morning last week this Miss Emily Mugs, Sawny Cummins's Dezdymonia, was in her turn of duty down on her marrowbones, brightnin' the bars of the grate in the Queen's *Boord-o'-war*—a soart of a drawing-room—where she houlds discoorse with Lord Palmston and the rest of the ministhurs; when who would walk in but her Majesty and the master of the band, Lord Melbourne himself, to give awgents to one another upon the affairs of the nation. They talked about Lord Hill and the army, Sir James Graham and the navy, and Father Crotty and the Church; then passed some remarks upon the King of France and his Protestant daughter-in-law, the King of Beljam and his Roman wife, and the Queen of Spain and her haythen of an uncle; but yourself was the biggest troppick they handled that day, and if your ears worn't hot enough on both sides of your head, it must be bekase they're too well yuste to that kind of basting by this time to make any account of it. When the council of war was finished, and the Queen stood up out of her throne, as much as to say, "Get out, ye Whig," his Lordship axed if he might make so bold as to trouble her with a few questions on a very delicate subject.

"Oh, by all manner of manes," says her Majesty; "you no I needn't answer none of 'em if I'd rather not."

"It's what I was going to say," says his Lordship, "that considerin your Majesty is your own misthress, as well as the misthress of the world, and—and—"

"And what, my ministher?" said her Majesty sharply.

"And in fact," says he, "you are arrived at a Queen's estate, with fine castles, palaces, and parks, coaches, horses, servants, and *galiores* of everything to make a family comfortable, and housekeepin' asy; I was thinkin' that your Majesty might be thinkin', maybe, of sharin' the throuble with somebody to your likin'."

"Ah, then," says the Queen, looking very arch at the grey hairs in his ministhership's whiskers, "What the dickins put that bright idaya into your wise head?"

"Why," says he, "if I may make so free, I first thought of it when I heerd you calling yourself Queen *Victoria the First*."

"And what of that?" says the Queen, rising herself up as stately as she looked that day in the House of Lords, and striking the table with her knuckles three times, like a double rap at a hall door—"What of that, my Lord?" says she.

"It's very bould of me, sartinly," says my Lord; "but it sthruck me at that present time, that you didn't mane it should be Queen *Victoria the Last*."

At this her Majesty set up a laugh that would do your heart good to hear it, only for what came aftherwards; and—"Ye nincompoop of a man," says she, "is it in earnest ye are?"

"Never was more sarious in my life," says he; "and what I would beg leave to no in the behalf of that is this—is there any person, in case you would take a likin' to him, that you think id answer to go partners with you—any jintleman I mane, that you could find in your heart to make Queen of England along with yourself?"

With that the Queen looked grave agin—though you might still see the laugh twinkling like a diamond in her rogueish blue eye; and—"My Lord," she says, "do you spake to me now as my Prime Ministher, or (and the smile broke out once more in spite of her) am I to understand you as my *coortier*?"

"Ah, then, murther alive," says he, "d'ye suppose that I am sitch a jackeen as to think the like of that?"

"Well," says she, "sense you ax me the question I'll be at a word with you. The ould Duke of Wellington is the man for my money; and as soon as iver my uncle comes from Beljam the whole matter will be as good as settled. But I'll not forget *you*. I'll send you a green ribbon, depend upon it, and if you mislike the color, you can frank it on with my lovin' compliments to our friend Dan O'Connell."

It was my Lord's turn now to ax her Majesty was she in earnest?

"'Pon my honor," says she, "there's my hand and word; and if you don't believe me, *wait a while*. If any body else but the ould Duke hands me out to dinner at the Lord Mayor's, I wouldn't say that there's a woman in England nose her own mind for three weeks together."

All this while, Miss Emily Mugs let on to be scrubbing the bars, unknownst, but you may be sure she had one of her ears (and that same not the shortest of the two, I'll go bail) cocked out from under the bordher of her cap; and at tay in the evening Sawney Cummins was put in possession of every particle of what passed.

This is the way the secrets of state get wind. I hard it from Mr. Cummins, who wrote it off by express to his cousin in Scotland, tellin him he might prent it, or make a speech of it, or to do anything at all he plased, barrin to hould his tongue about it: for it was the dyentickle words out of Her Majesty's own sweet lips, God bless her! And, sir, you may now take the same liberty with the story by ritin Mr. Cumminses name or Mr. Bruce's (if you think better) upon the back of it, and sending it, like a bank note, as a ready penny all over the world.

Mr. Cummins took the misure of Lord Melbourne's phizage, in two minutes after the enterview was over, and d'ye think but the chin was exactly four inches farther off from the forehead than it was going in, afore he popped the question.

Mr. Cumminses name is enough to make the world beleeve anything. It's remarkable nice he is about what he gives out for fax. Major Longbow being an uncle of his by the mother's side, made him a big sight too particular for a gentleman that wears a sword by his side.

MILITARY EXECUTION.

"As we've got upon the subject," interposed one whose shattered frame gave evidence of no ordinary service, "I will try my hand at a yarn too. I don't know whether it will go beyond, I doubt whether it can come up to yours; but this I perfectly recollect, that never did man suffer amid such a universal lamentation, as the poor fellow whose fate I am going to describe. The regiment to which I belonged was quartered, in the year 1812, at Zante, one of the Ionian islands. It was the custom of the garrison then to furnish out-lying pickets, which relieved one another about ten o'clock in the morning, at posts which were distant from the city about five miles. Now, whatever may be thought of pickets when an enemy is in front, by us they were regarded as mere relaxations. The men told off for that duty escaped, what all the rest of the garrison had, a tedious drill of five or six hours' continuance; and all of us looked forward to the season when our turn should come, as schoolboys anticipate a holiday. You have both alluded to the prevalent offence of that period—drinking. We were not more free from it than other corps, though our commanding officer used every possible exertion to repress it. But I am afraid that it was—I wish I could add, that it no longer is, the British soldier's vice; the correction of which would render him, what no soldier yet ever was, or probably ever will be, quite perfect. But I have no concern with that matter at present; let me tell my story. In our grenadier company there was a man called Jem Corns, a tall, strapping, powerful fellow—somewhat given to drinking, to be sure, but no sot, and never, as far as I know, incapable of doing his duty. It was his turn, as well as mine, on a certain day, to go upon picket, and we fell in, as usual, for inspection. Jem had acted imprudently that morning. He had drunk a glass or two of aquardente, just enough to make his face red, but not sufficient to unsettle him; and, the serjeant who inspected us happening to be a taught hand, Jem's imprudence did not escape him. "You are drunk! Corns," was the serjeant's address; "you are not fit for picket. You must fall to the rear." Now, Jem felt that he was not unfit for picket, though the fatigue of a field-day might have possibly upset him; so he denied the charge as peremptorily as it was advanced, and hesitated to obey the order. The serjeant most improperly struck him with his cane. I saw Jem's cheek flush to a deep color, but he said not a word. He quitted his place in the front rank, and retired behind the line. All this occurred previous to the arrival of the officer, who came up, however, immediately afterwards, and demanded, as usual, whether every thing was right—whether the party was complete, and the men sober! "All sober, sir," replied the serjeant, "except Corns. He is drunk; and I made him fall out." "Hulloa, Corns!" cried the officer, "how is this? how come you to be drunk on such an occasion as this?" "I am not drunk, Sir," answered Corns. "I don't deny that I have taken a glass, but I am quite fit for picket, and I hope you won't take away my turn." "Silence! Sir," exclaimed the officer, "or I will send you to the guard-house." Now, you must know, that this officer was a very sharp hand, and Jem did not particularly like him. They had never, indeed, had words before, because he was not of our company; but it was known to us all that he was very free in dealing his blows about, and that he had even cut one man in the calf of the leg with his sword. Had Jem been without his glass, the circumstance would have either not occurred to him at all, or having done so, it would have produced no effect upon his feelings; for Corns was a good soldier, and on common occasions particularly civil. But to-day he was just so far beside himself as to be ripe for a dispute, no matter who the party might be which should seem to provoke it. He accordingly repeated his denial of the charge brought against him, and reiterated his demand to be sent with his comrades to the outpost. The officer could not endure this; he too, got into a passion, and Jem was ordered into confinement. Had the officer permitted the thing to drop here, as almost any other person in his situation would have done, no great harm would have come out of it. Jem would have been tried by a Court-martial, doubtless, and received his punishment. But punishment for such offences, as you all know, never degrades a soldier in the eyes of his comrades; degradation being the consequence of a degrading crime, by no means of a fault which is purely military. The officer was a hot-headed man; and perceiving that Jem continued to remonstrate and complain when given in charge to a corporal's party, he had the excessive imprudence to draw his sword and to walk after him. "If I hear you speak another word, you rascal," cried he, "I will cut you down!" Jem was already on the verge of madness, and the threat thus uttered carried him beyond it. He had his musket, with the bayonet fixed, in his hands, and turning sharp round, he brought it to the charge, right opposite to the officer's breast. "You have cut down others," cried he, "but never, while I have this to defend myself with, shall you cut down me." Then flinging the firelock from him, he doubled his fists. "Come on, if you dare," he continued, "your sword against my fists; come on, and see who'll get the worst of it." I have not a word to say in defence of such outrageous conduct. It was the act either of an insane person or a mutineer, and it could not be overlooked. Jem was seized, manacled, and dragged to the black hole; whence, as soon as a court-martial could be assembled, he was led forth for trial. The evidence against him was but too clear, the proofs of his guilt too unerring; and his crime amounting to mutiny in what might be called the enemy's presence, only one sentence could be awarded. He was condemned to be shot. Yet, I can't tell how it came to pass, there was at this time no authority on the island competent to carry such a sentence into execution. The consequence was, that the proceedings of the court-martial were sent to England for the Prince Regent's approval, and nearly eight months elapsed ere his Royal Highness's will became known. During this protracted period Jem Corns was treated with as much of humanity as was at all compatible with his situation. He received the ordinary diet of a soldier; he was permitted to walk round the ramparts, attended by a single sentinel; and an opinion came to be very generally entertained that with him "the bitterness of death was passed." Jem never came into the notion of his friends. "They cannot pardon me," was his sole answer to such as talked to him of a prolongation of his days. "I have been guilty of mutiny, and to spare my life might cause the crime to be committed by others, and so cost many lives. I am just as much at a loss as you are to account for the delay, but, depend upon it, I shall suffer." Accordingly, he never once ceased to make ready for the great change which impended; and he became at last so calm and so resigned, that I question whether the announcement of a commutation of his sentence would not have disappointed him.

It was towards the close of the eighth month from the date of his trial, that Jem leaned one morning over the ramparts, and watched, with the sentry who had charge of him, a vessel, as she made her way slowly towards the harbor. The signal which streamed from her mast-head soon showed them that she was a packet, and from her rig and build they were at no loss to determine that she came from Falmouth. "Here comes my death-warrant," said Jem, turning to his guard; "I am sure that the order for my execution is on board that ship." The sentry tried first to laugh, and then to reason him out of this idea, but he failed by either method to accomplish his purpose. And the event proved that Jem's forebodings had not misled him. That packet did bring the minutes of the court-martial, with his Royal Highness's approval, the latter having, as was pretty well understood, been extorted, not without great reluctance on the part of the Prince. However, that is neither here nor there. Jem's death-warrant was read, and orders were issued for the execution at an early hour next morning. As soon as the fact was communicated to him, Jem shut himself up in his cell, and spent the whole of that day, and a large portion of the night, at his devotions. The only person, indeed, whom he would see, was the chaplain; and of food he scarcely partook at all. But when he came forth next morning, so far was he from being weakened by his fast, that I never saw him march more firmly, or look round with a more undaunted countenance. Jem was an excellent singer; and ever since his trial had taken especial delight in church music. He now sung, as he proceeded to the place of execution, the 104th Psalm; and so clear and full, and unbroken was his voice, that we heard it distinctly over all the instruments in the band. At last we reached the fatal spot, an empty space in the gorge of a bastion, the inner face in the parapet of which had been newly plastered and fronted with a sort of stucco.

With his back to this wall he was directed to kneel down; and he agreed to do so as soon as he should have shaken hands with the men of his company, and bid them farewell. I have witnessed many affectionate scenes, as you may imagine, but I never saw any thing like that. He was permitted to go through the ranks, and each man, as he gave him his hand, burst into tears. He was turning away, when he observed, resting with his face on the rampart, the officer for mutinous conduct towards whom his life was forfeited. "Mr. ——," said he, "I hope you, too, will shake hands with me. I bear you no ill-will—I hope that you bear me none. I deserve my fate, and I pray God that my blood may not lie heavy on your conscience." The officer gave him his hand, but he shed no tear, though his face was deadly pale; and he immediately staggered from the parade in a fainting condition. Meanwhile Jem took his station. He besought the commanding officer to exempt him from the humiliation of having the nightcap drawn over his eyes, and assured him in the most pathetic terms, that he would not flinch. But the Colonel could not consent. He judged, and with great reason, that the sight of their comrade's features would probably render the firing party unsteady, and he would not run the risk of that merely to indulge a fancy in itself so little reasonable.—"Well! comrades," cried Jem, as he knelt down and permitted his face to be covered, "I will obey my commanding officer to the last. And mark me—don't be afraid. Take good aim, fire steady, and let every ball hit me. See, I turn you a good front." He faced full towards them; and the few words which he spoke were as clear and as firm as if he had been giving orders to a platoon to fire with blank cartridge; neither was his manner without its effect on the party. They became quite cool and collected; and on the signal being given, they fired with such accuracy that not a ball missed its mark. All went through him into the stucco beyond, and he died without groan or struggle. I can't tell you what became of the officer who brought Jem to his court martial. We never saw him again, and I rather think that he sold his commission and quitted the service.

Chelsea Hospital.

ANECDOTES OF SHARK,

A CELEBRATED DEER GREYHOUND AND RETRIEVER.

On Wednesday, the 4th of October, died the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley's celebrated deer-greyhound and retriever, *Shark*, aged twelve years and upwards.—Shark was the son of Smoaker, (an account of whom with an engraving appeared in the New Sporting Magazine some years ago,) and inherited all the fidelity and extraordinary qualities of his sire. He was a yellow dog of great speed and powpower, and equally famed for his exploits in the water and on land; I mention the following more particularly.

His master was one moonlight night, in winter, waiting for wild fowl on a small island in the river Ouse in Bedfordshire, and having killed a couple of ducks on the water at a single shot, he sent Shark to fetch them. In this particular place, as the stream was in flood, the river was wide and rapid, and it was impossible for the dog to see, from the thick reeds, how many birds were killed. Shark plunged in from the island and swam down the river in the direction his master indicated; in the mean time the current was carrying the ducks away almost as fast as the dog followed them. Shark soon, however, returned, bringing one of the ducks, and without waiting for additional command, immediately took the water again, and after being absent about a quarter of an hour, returned bringing the other duck with him.

In snipe shooting, in the same county, near Harold, Shark has frequently been sent to fetch snipes which had fallen on the opposite side of the river, and that he has more than once, when the water has been very cold, returned round by the bridge, the distance of half a mile, rather than face the cold, with the bird in his possession; at the end of these long journeys, he has always delivered the bird without even the rumple of a feather. Carleton-hall wood, in the same county, was remarkable for hedge-hogs, and of these, on one summer's night, he has brought to his master as many as seven—this species of vermin being very destructive to the eggs of game. Smoaker, as well as his descendants, always lived in the parlour and slept in their master's room, and wherever the master went, there also was sure to be the gallant hound. From constant use, Shark might be said to understand even a look from his master, and always having been broken to signs, instead of words, in waiting for wild-fowl of any sort, all was done without noise. If the dog was sent to search in thick wook for game or winged vermin, and returned without it, an impatient look was enough, and he never again, unless by some extraordinary chance, returned unsuccessful. Shark feared neither thorns, water, nor the horns of the deer at bay, if his assistance was called for; and he was as ready to take his share of combat with a poacher as he was to retrieve or to kill the other smaller enemies to game. The only time in which his great sagacity failed him was in swimming with Mr. Berkeley in the sea, when Shark grew frightened, and endeavored *to land*, as it were, on his master's shoulders, which, but for the vicinity of shallow water, might have been attended with some danger. Like his sire, nothing could induce this dog to fetch sticks or gloves from the water, or to carry them on land; he seemed to despise all acts of this sort, which were not absolutely necessary, and probably this in some measure was the cause of the extreme tenderness of his mouth, in carrying game of every sort. He was always very fond of his master's two sons, in short they grew up from infancy for eight years together; but though very affectionate and attached to them, still, if they touched his legs or handled him in a way he did not like, a low deep growl in their ear always had the desired effect of checking them.

Shark had two sisters, Skim and Snake, both of which are also dead; Skim lived in the parlour with Snake, and as she was not a general retriever, but only used occasionally for deer, she almost always accompanied her mistress, to whom all three of them were as much attached, and as obedient as they were to Mr. Berkeley. They were always very even tempered though they had occasional dislikes, and if they once took an objection to an individual they never forgot it. In one instance Shark and Skim pulled down and very nearly killed a servant whom they thus disliked. The parlor at Teffont Ewyas Manor-House, in Wilts, which house Mr. Berkeley has lately taken, is still shared by one of the race, Wolfe, the son of Shark, famed also as a retriever; he is the only one of the breed who was inclined to a hard mouth, but of this his master has succeeded in *beguiling* him, for that, as regards *a mouth*, is a more just expression *than breaking*.

In concluding my notice of this remarkable retriever, I will add the following narrow escape of master and dog. In a very hard winter, some years back, and in an intense frost, they were after wild fowl by moonlight on the Ouse, and in returning home a wood-pigeon flew from a tree near the water. It was shot and fell into the river; at this spot the banks were then about four feet from the water's edge, and very steep, at the same time the current from the mill above was of vast power, and icé of great thickness had lodged among the willow boughs, underneath which the current had acquired additional strength. The moment the bird fell Shark was in the water, and bird and dog were driven under the ice; fortunately the current set direct beneath the bank on which Mr. Berkeley stood, and by lying down and reaching out as far as possible he succeeded in catching his dog by the neck, while the dog himself got one fore-leg over the edge of the ice. The frozen snow and part of the undermined bank at this crisis gave way, and Mr. Berkeley lost all power to pull out the dog, feeling convinced that the slightest exertion *that way* must bring him headlong under the edge of the ice, the water here being from eight to twelve feet deep. In this frightful state they continued for several seconds, until Mr. Berkeley balancing himself with his knees only, passed back the hand which was at liberty, and took out his handkerchief, which he fastened round the dog's neck, and which then gave him an opportunity without weight against him to struggle backwards to firmer ground; having regained the solid part of the bank, he then drew his dog from the certain death which awaited him, as the ice extended for a considerable distance below. This time the game was lost, but the retrieving of the retriever amply compensated for the other deficiency. VENATOR.

London New Sporting Mag. for Dec., 1837.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE STUDS.

The Hampton Court Stud is at length brought to the hammer, and all the regrets which have been expressed at its being sold, and all the schemes for preventing or evading dispersion by such sale, have ended in smoke.

Passing over the taste and feeling which have permitted the sale of presents so recently received for the insignificant sums they have brought as compared with the erroneous prices these presents are by common rumor stated to have cost, it may be worth while to look a little further into other subjects connected with these matters.

The patronage of the Turf by Royalty was formerly no doubt of great importance; but times have changed: the taste for breeding race horses is diffused throughout all parts of the British empire; and the skill and judgment of private individuals have given the go-by to their Royal competitors. Among numerous instances which might be cited, I shall refer to the case of Camarine belonging to the late Sir Mark Wood, which sold for 1550 gs., and her produce, a yearling, for 1010 gs., while the mare sold for the highest price in the late Royal sale brought only 670 gs. There were no yearlings to compete with Camarine's colt, and we find that the highest priced colt brought only 210 gs. A foal also out of Lucetta, obtained 640 gs. at Sir Mark Wood's sale, and Lucetta herself sold for 1000 gs.—Again, The Colonel was purchased from an individual at 4000 gs., while, as a Royal horse, he sold for little more than 1500 gs. It may be said the former was a *sound* price, the latter an *unsound* one; but in the interval there has been ample time to establish reputation as a *stallion*, and in this character he certainly appears not to have been much sought after, if we may judge by the little competition there was in the bidding, and the price at which he was knocked down to Mr. Tattersall himself.

The late Royal Stud, in those admirably well-arranged paddocks, boxes, stables, and yards, and so well managed as it most undoubtedly was, afforded a most gratifying sight to every lover of the horse and friend to his country's glory; but still the twenty or thirty colts and fillies, the amount of its annual produce, were but as a drop of water in the ocean compared with the aggregate produce of the British Isles.

The breeding, keeping, and training of race horses, from an aristocratic amusement, fraught with good to our country, by improving its horses, unfortunately has changed its character, and become subservient to the overweening desire of merely getting money. It is true that there are yet many supporters of the Turf who are wholly exempt from sordid motives, but those with a contrary feeling infinitely outnumber them: with these the object is the making a good betting "book;" and in this respect the Stock Exchange is not to be named in rivalry with the wide field afforded by the "Turf" for the exercise of skill and ingenuity in the doctrine of chances: to promote the breeding of the best possible sort of horse is an object quite out of the question.

The line to be drawn between the gentleman indulging in the pursuit of an expensive amusement, and the servant necessarily employed in furthering its objects, seems to be broad enough; but even this "Rubicon" has been passed; and trainers and jockeys have not only been sanctioned, but encouraged, in keeping, entering, and starting horses belonging to themselves. It is certainly an undue stretch of liberality to tolerate this mixing of characters so totally distinct. Integrity of conduct is a paramount consideration; and the more single-minded the men employed in this occupation, the more likely is this attribute to be attained. The proper care of horses requires unceasing vigilance: it is not an occupation wherein increased attention and activity at one period will compensate the absence of them at other times; everything must be done at its proper time, or it is impossible for it to be well done.

Mystery pervades everything connected with Racing Stables, but if they were scrutimized, they would turn out as mysteries always do—mere moonshine: still as it is practised by all, its effects are neutralized, and extreme candor, from its rarity, would be more likely to mislead the cunning.

From what I have already written, it must be seen that I do not attach the same importance to the Royal Stud as has been given to it by some of the public prints. Still I believe the breeding of horses to be of the greatest importance to this country; but it wants to take another course. I have heard the late Sir C. Bunbury highly lauded for humanity in his efforts and success in diminishing the weights carried, and shortening the distances run. But what have been the results? Why, horses have been bred *down* to both; and heavy weights, which most men grow to as they advance in life, are almost precluded from riding, from the difficulty that attends their getting suitably mounted. The present thorough-bred horse answers very well for light fly-away riders, who go into the field for merely a race; but high weights, still retaining a fondness for riding and the *science* of hunting, are almost precluded from the pleasurable indulgence, and are driven to the resource of wheel-carriages, even for the shortest journeys, and obtain, to which they are obliged to assent, the reputation of being too heavy to ride. Now in this respect, different to most others, we want to go back a little; and, although we may loose a few lengths or even a distance in modern short races, try for a breed of stronger and stouter horses.

I come now to the real benefits to be conferred from the Royal Purse; and these are, to increase the numbers, and more especially the amount, of Queen's Plates, to make them a prize worth contending for; and to increase the weights and distances: but to do the latter by a long stride at once would drive from the field many competitors. Let, therefore, these changes take place gradually and progressively, and be announced *several years in advance*, by which opportunity may be afforded for breeding *up* to them: we may then reasonably expect to see the "influence of the Crown" really promoting the improvement of our English horses. As to breeding, I cannot help thinking that in such a country as this, with such a fondness for horses, and such skill in selection generally pervading our countrymen, it is much better in private hands. F. C. CHERRY.

London (Old) Sporting Mag.

A most Atrocious Plot has been discovered, involving the characters of some of the first young men. Report says that Miss McBride refuses to appear in La Bayadere, and the excitement has gained such a pitch, in consequence of this denial, that a cabal has been formed for the avowed purpose of *breaking her legs*. One Jogolly is at the head of it, and Blake must keep an eye on him. Break little McBride's legs! Why it would hurt her feelings! Boston Morning Post.

The celebrated Mr. Finn proposes, we understand, to retire from the stage, and resume the profession for which he was educated—the Law. Should this be the case, the Drama will lose one of its brightest ornaments, while we may anticipate a rich treat on Mr. F.'s appearance at the bar. He is now in the city at the Pearl Street House,

Where Shepherd feeds his flock by night,
All seated under ground!

GEORGE PAYNE, ESQ.

The last portrait placed in our gallery was of a sporting character from the "Turf"—Lord Suffield; the portrait preceding his lordship's was that of Sir Vincent Cotton, whose vocation is the "Road;" the present is that of a warm-hearted follower of the "Chase." A wealthier man might he have been had he confined his pleasures to the field, and had he never breathed the pestilential atmosphere of a place not to be mentioned to ears polite, which *upon earth* is the cause of fraud, cozening, and strife, and is "typically" used, as the Rev. Boatswain Smith says, to express a scene of riot and confusion. Why will gentlemen, by entering, antedate their doom? But, alas! it is the nature of man to be prying into futurity, and endeavoring to anticipate its *enjoyments*. The road to the *grand place* is broad, and well-paved—with good intentions;—hold hard, then, gentlemen, no occasion to cross and jostle,—there is ample room, and the *pace* of old Time seems quite fast enough.

George Payne, Esq., Master of the Pytchley Hounds, Northamptonshire, entered at an early age on his sporting career; and as he is of an ardent, generous, and unsuspecting disposition, he quickly attracted the attention of those cool, calculating sharpers, with whom sporting is a matter of business, who live with systematic temperance in order to keep their heads clear, and who make their calculations so deliberately, and watch their opportunities so warily, that the man of warm impulse, who bets or plays from an undefinable love of excitement is certain to lose when opposed to them at any game of chance. Mr. Payne, after losing immense sums, chiefly at hazard, partially forsook for a while the regions of Pandemonium, and went more frequently on the turf,—for the purpose, we suppose, of inhaling a little fresh air. On the turf he was also unsuccessful. He broke up his stud, rather a large one, in 1830; but he has since usually kept a horse or two at Cooper's. Mr. Payne, unfortunately for himself, but to the great gain of many others, is passionately addicted to play; his favorite games are piquet and whist, and though a skilful player, he is, on account of his ardent temper, by no means a match, at a long sitting, for cool and clear-headed adversaries who are equally well acquainted with the game. It is said that, at the card-table and on the turf, he has lost the immense sum of £200,000, and thus reduced an income of £20,000 per annum to about a quarter of that sum. He was one of the four gentlemen who denounced the unfair play of Lord de Roos; and on the trial of the action brought by that nobleman against Mr. Cumming, Mr. Payne appeared as a witness for the defendant. An answer which he gave on that occasion, to a question put to him by Mr. Thesiger, at once exemplifies his character, and is a summary of his career as a sporting character. "How many rubbers did you play?" "Two." "Did you win or lose?" "Oh, *lost them both*." He appears to have a consciousness that he cannot win; and whether he plays a game at whist, or makes a bet upon a race, the result that seems to follow, as a matter of course, is "*lost them both!*" He courts Fortune as if his pleasure lay only in the pursuit, and not in the enjoyment of her favors, and when she frowns, he seems to find consolation in the "old Horatian way."

"Si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit, et mea
Virtute me involvo."

If he has lost his money, he has preserved his honour; and few sporting characters are more universally esteemed. As a master of hounds he is loved and respected. He is an excellent rider across a country; is ever wishful to afford sport; and keeps his hunting establishment in good style. With all who know him, George Payne is a favorite; and the virtue which he chiefly lacks is prudence.

London (New) Sporting Mag. for Dec, 1837.

THE WIDDY O'KEEFE.

A New Title.—Well, now I have kept my best anecdote for the last, and it concerns a master of ceremonies of a much later day, and with whom I was more intimate than with either of the others. We were both Paddies, and he was a fellow-townsman of mine, a native of Cork, and at the time I speak of the best king of the ceremonies that ever Bath had, a jovial, high-bred, well-educated, and witty gentleman. In the days of

Our hot youth, when George III. was king,

there lived in Cork city a little tailor of the name of O'Keefe, who had a large, broad, fat, big, buxom woman of a wife, to whom (having taken it into his head to die) he left a little power of money. This Widdy O'Keefe used to turn to account in the way of discounting accommodation bills for gentlemen short of cash, and many's the genteel slip of paper with my friend's signature on one side and my own on the other, (sorrow the much value mine 'ud be now,) we melted between us in the crucible of Widdy O'Keefe. My friend came to England, thrived in society, and became master of the ceremonies at Bath. Here was a chance for the Widdy! Her old customer's luck had got all over to Cork, and would'nt she go to England now and make him introduce her to the quality there. That 'ud be the test of his gratitude for past favors, and a small thrifle of money not worth mentioning that was still due. Well, Mrs. O'Keefe was as good as her word, and may be she did'nt show her broad barge-like figure trimmed out in all the colors of the rainbow, and tucked in "costliest finery sorely out of taste," in the grand pump-room at Bath, and not as a nobody—not as a parvenue, but parading up and down in "full peacock," upon the arm, and the very personal escort of the master of the ceremonies himself. All Bath was in commotion. Who was she? what was she? whence did she come! The pump-room turned itself inside out to look for her equipage, and sure enough there was one, and an elegant one too; but little did any one of them fancy that it belonged to Widdy O'Keefe, the money-lending tailoress from Cork.

"Who, in the name of heaven, is she?" asked a dozen *roues*, friends of the master, as he returned to the room, after handing her to her carriage.

"A foreign princess!" burst from one party.

"Not a bit of it," mysteriously signified the master.

"Marchioness of ——?"

"No Marchioness at all," said the master.

"The Duchess of ——?"

"No such thing as a duchess," said the master.

"She was nothing less than a countess, I'll be sworn," said Major A——, "or *you* wouldn't have paid her so much court."

"'Deed and you're wrong there," cried my friend; "but come, gentlemen, I'll not keep you any longer in suspense; I'll tell you what she is, at all events, and who she is you may find out. She's not even a countess, but by the powers she's a great deal better than a countess."

"What's that then?" was the simultaneous question of the group.

"Why, gentlemen, the fact is, *she's a discountess*.

The Torch.

NOTES OFF HAND.

On 11th November, died, at his seat, Petworth, Sussex, the Earl of Egremont, in the eighty-sixth year of his age. The noble Earl was born on 18th December, 1751, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father on 21st August, 1763. Though not enthusiastic in his love of racing, his lordship was the owner of racehorses for upwards of fifty years. He was also an extensive breeder of racers of a very stout sort; his blood included the Gohanna, and was much sought after. The horses were under the management, and ran in the name of his lordship's brother, the Hon. Charles Wyndham, till the death of that gentleman in 1828. Since then the stud, very much reduced, has been chiefly under the direction of Mr. Greville. It has been supposed that the stud, consisting of about twenty lots will be brought to the hammer; but on this point nothing has yet been publicly declared by his lordship's executors. The deceased earl was a liberal and discriminating patron of the arts; an excellent landlord; and the friend of the poor cottager, whose condition he was ever wishful to improve. He lived at Petworth in the princely style of a real English nobleman—at once a noble of nature and a peer of the realm; and while he entertained his visitors in a manner worthy of his rank; he ever showed himself wishful to promote the pleasure and happiness of his humbler neighbors. The annual dinner which he was accustomed to give to his tenants, their wives, and children—and to which hundreds of the neighboring farmers, tradesmen, and others, had a free admission—presented a delightful scene of hilarity; and afforded a striking proof of the influence which a nobleman of high rank and great wealth will ever maintain in this country so long as he shows, both in word and deed, a disposition to promote the welfare and cultivate the good opinion of the humbler classes of the community. The affection of a "bold peasantry, their country's pride" is of more importance at all times, but more especially in the present, than any distinction that Royalty can bestow. His lordship is succeeded in the earldom by his nephew Capt. G. Percy Wyndham.

The Taglioni—not the stage-dancer, but the stage-coach which used to ply "'twixt Windsor and Town, once up and once down"—has danced herself off her legs, after a career of about six months. The speculation turned out a bad one, and Mam'selle though capitally horsed did *not draw*. Her owners, the *great* coaching firm of Chesterfield, Bathyany, & Co., are said to have lost about fifty pounds a week during the last two months of her performance: it was therefore time to "cut it."

Rod Fishing in the Tweed.—On Tuesday, 31st, of October, rod fishing in the Tweed closed for the season, and has proved less successful than for several years past. This has been more particularly the case towards its close. From the period when net fishing terminated on the 15th of October, very few fish have been killed; the most successful angler having very rarely caught more than four or five fish in one day. On the last day of the fishing season, A. Thorndike, Esq., who for several weeks had been enjoying the sport of angling in the Tweed, killed in Sproutson Dub, about two miles below Kelso, five large salmon, the gross weight of which was 106lbs. Two of them were remarkably fine new fish, weighing 25lb. each. In no case that we have heard of, has there been, during the whole fishing season, a finer lot of fish killed by the rod in one day. The number of noblemen and gentlemen visiting Kelso for the purpose of enjoying this favorite sport, is annually increasing.

Singular Incident.—A singular incident occurred lately, in a field at Barnton, near the village of Dalrymple, where a party from Ayr were enjoying the pleasures of coursing. Two greyhounds were slipt at a hare, which made towards a horse grazing in an adjoining field, and ran between his legs, apparently for the purpose of throwing the dogs out. The experiment, however, proved fatal, not only to poor puss, but also to one of her eager pursuers; for just as she reached the heels of the horse, the leading hound seized her in his mouth—the timid creature uttered its death-shriek—the horse was startled—he instantly struck out, and hitting the dog on the head, as well as the hare, killed both pursuer and pursued. When the sportsmen came in to this double death, they found the second hound trembling violently, with his head and tail drooping, and gazing intently on his dead companion.

London (New) Sport. Mag.

A THEATRICAL BEAR LET LOOSE.

A frightful scene occurred on the 6th ult., at the Theatre of Czerney, in Bohemia, during the performance of a melodrama, called the Bear of the Mountains, the principal performer in which was a bruin of such wonderful docility and dramatic talent, that for a long succession of nights he attracted overflowing audiences. On this occasion, however, something had put this star out of humor, and he was observed to be wanting in those brilliant displays of the histrionic art which had previously overwhelmed him with applause. In the third act, instead of coming down the mountain by a winding path, with the slow and solemn step prescribed by the prompter's book, he alighted on the stage at one bound, like the descent of an ærolite. On his return behind the scenes he received reproof, which, instead of improving, made his temper still more sullen; and it was with difficulty he could be prevailed upon to go through his part. In the last scene he was induced to commence a waltz with a young and beautiful peasant girl, and seemed to take so much enjoyment in the dance, that the whole audience were raised from their seats, and standing on the benches, drowning the sounds of the powerful orchestra, with their acclamations of praise and delight. In a moment, however, the joyous spectacle was changed into one of indiscribable horror; a piercing shriek was heard above all the combination of noises, the stage was one moment in the utmost confusion, and the next was clear of every performer except the bear, who appeared with his muzzle unfastened, and hanging round his neck; while he, after making a wide display of his tremendous gullet, leaped into the orchestra, which, as may be easily imagined, was in an instant as vacant as the stage. The flight of the audience was equally precipitate, but the consequences were much more serious.—Numbers were severely crushed and bruised in the struggles at the doors, and several were dreadfully injured by being thrown and trampled upon. After a pause, a platoon of soldiers was sent into the pit with fixed bayonets and loaded barrels, and ordered to bring out the cause of all the evil, dead or alive; but they found him like other great actors who have performed their parts, and become exhausted by their exertions, taking his repose on one of the benches, and incapable or unwilling to make any resistance. He was at once muzzled again, and led to his den; and on the following day the piece was suppressed by order of the authorities.

Salmagundi.

Euphonius.—They have started a paper at Cape Cod (Mass.) with the name of the "Cape Codder." It will cut many a Cod Caper.

Old Kentuck.—"No, stranger, there's no place on the universal 'arth like old Kaintuck; she beats all out West, for prettiness; and you might bile down creation, and not get such such another state out of it."

A Marine Monster.—A lobster was taken up in Flatlands Bay, last week, the first joint of the larger claw of which weighed four and a half pounds, and will contain 3 pints and 1 gill of water. L. I. Star.

Can Boston match this? We *paw-se* for a reply. N. Y. Star.

Match what!—the pun in the last *claw-se* of the foregoing, or the lobster.

Hempstead (L. I.) Inquirer.

Getting on.—Sam, how many logs have you sawed, eh? Why, ma'am, when I've got this and three other one's done, I'll have sawed four!

A Short-hand Account of the Whole Trouble.—All the world owes all the world more than all the world is worth, and all the world call upon all the world to pay. All the world, therefore, are in reality worth just as much actual wealth as they were before all the world failed.

It was mentioned one day to the Duke de Roqueleur, that two ladies had quarreled, and loaded each other with abuse. "Have they called each other ugly!" said the Duke. "No, Sir." "Very good; then I will undertake to reconcile them."

Cool Weather.—Man caught stealing his neighbor's wood. Certain specific for the removal of the *piles*.

Stop John Brown.—The Baton Rouge Gazette gives a general invite to all creation to stop one John Brown, who *obsquatulated* from that place a short time since. The Gazette might as well ask folks to "stop *one* John Smith."

An exchange paper says the fever and ague is flying about the Western country in junks as big as a horse's head.

"For my part," said a Grahamite, "I never was at all particular about my victuals. I could live on fried heel-taps."

"*Fried heel-taps*," replied a wag, "ah, that is what is called *shoe-bread*."

Cincinnati News.

Going the Figure.—A prisoner at the Wayne County (Ind.) jail recently broke through the wall of his cell, and afterwards robbed the desk of the jailor of $15, to pay his travelling expenses.

Caleb Quotem.—An Ohio paper advertises for a good practical printer, who would take the charge of the mechanical department of a printing office, read proof, make selections, scribble a paragraph when necessary, rock the cradle, dig potatoes, cut wood, and go with the *gals* to singing school, and neighborhood quiltings.

The Royal Speech.—An itinerant vender of murders, &c., has been going about the country hawking a radical effusion, which he announces in the following terms:—

"Here's her Majesty's most wonderful and astonishing speech, delivered into Parliament on Wednesday last, which spoke so much of liberty, that when the Duke of Wellington heard it he went into fits."

An editor ever so far off gives as an excuse for the late appearance of his paper, that he is printing the trial and dying speech of a condemned individual, and is hurrying to get the pamphlet off before the hanging.

Conjugal.—A man has been arrested in Ohio for stealing money from his wife. What can be done with the knave? A friend says—give him another wife, and compel him to live with both.—Horrid!

Caution to the Ladies.—Mr. Huntington, in his lecture on Common and Statute Law, before the Lyceum in Northampton the other night, remarked that a lady, when she married, lost her personal identity—her distinctive character, and was like a "dew drop swallowed by a sun-beam."

A Chance.—A young lady in Baltimore advertises that she wants a young husband, of good family, and pleasing manners. She says that she is between 20 and 21 years of age, of handsome person and amiable disposition, and has a fortune of $15,000.

"I have been troubled with weak eyes for more than ten years," said Dr. B., "and I am not able to tell the cause." "Can't you," said Miss F., "I can." "What is it?" "Because they are set in a *weak place*," said Miss F.

We understand that a gentleman in a neighboring town, having taken a drop and a half of the celebrated Matchless Sanative, (discovered by the immortal Louis Gfion Goelicke, and of which one drop is a dose for a stout man,) fell asleep in his chair, and the next morning there was nothing left of him but his boots, buttons and breast-pin! A lobelia emetic was immediately administered to the boots, and in less than half an hour the gentleman was thrown up, although considerably debilitated. One drop of Sanative (the regular dose) was then given him, the *vis votiæ* was very soon restored, he ate seven pounds of beef-steak for dinner, and the next day was a well man! Those who doubt this story, if they will call on the gentleman, can have the privilege of examining the boots. Hartford Courier.

Some one asked a lad how it was he was so short for his age? He replied—"Father always keeps me so busy I han't time to grow!"

March of Intellect.—Extract of a letter from a newly married lady, who had finished her education at a fashionable boarding school. It was written to an old school-mate.

"I was married ten weeks ago. Me and my dear husband has removed into the country, too miles from any hous. We have no market to go to, but have to lay in our provision by the barl. My furnichere is much finer than most of my nabors. My husband and me agree very well; as yet we have not had no quarrel, and in most things he thinks as I do. I allow I done well in marring, for we are muchually happy. Him and me could live forever together, and neither give the other a misbeholden word," &c. H. W.

P. S. I have not looked into a book since my wedding day. My husband is the whole world to me. If I can pleas him, nothing els shall trouble me.

What time we used to have at Mrs. ——'s boarding school! Such labor in studdying Lattin and logic, and algebray, and music! I never could see the use of it.

P. S. I advise you to get shut of your single blessedness as soon as you can. How frightful old maids is. Write me the first oppertunity.

One who prided himself on appearances, meeting an acquaintance with a pair of shabby boots on, gave him the cut direct. A few days afterwards he met him again, attired in a pair of Townley's best, and very cordially saluted him.

"How is this," said the acquaintance, "you seemed shy of me a day or two since?"

"That's very possible," replied the other, "but my dear fellow, you stand upon another *footing* now."

A man in Georgia, nine feet and a half tall, says he should like to see the little fellow they call the Kentucky giant.

Beautiful Simplicity.—The Norfolk Advertiser furnishes us with the following elegant extract:—

"*It's cold*; and the biddies that last week stood upon the fence, flapping their wings and crowing, are now huddled together on the sunny side of the house, standing on one leg."

Phrenology *vs.* Animal Magnetism.—"Don't you," enquired a quizzing incredulous patient of a phrenologist, who was examining his cranium, "often find more in some people's heads than you seek for?" "Sometimes," replied the examiner, catching his humor, "but we always leave them to the professors of *Animal* Magnetism.

Terrific Adventure.—Can any one tell what the United States' army in Florida of 10,000 strong is doing! Louisville Journal.

All we can say about it is, that at the latest accounts from Gen. Jessup's head quarters, 7th Decemberr, a track, apparently that of a young barefooted Seminole, was discovered by one of the picket guard early in the morning, who immediately communicated the intelligence. General Jessup, with his usual alacrity, ordered out a detachment of five hundred men, consisting of regulars and volunteers, who, with three days' provisions, started forthwith on the trail. About ten miles from the camp, the detachment entirely lost sight of the track in an old swamp. With an ardor, however, characteristic of all the efforts of the army in Florida, they surrounded and scoured the swamp, but without discovering the object of their search. Just as they were about giving up the chace as a bad job, one of the men accidentally cast his eyes up into a large tree,

"And dere he spied an old raccoon
A settin' on a limb."

From the similarity between the print of a raccoon's foot and a child's, this large detachment had been thrown on a wrong scent. After shooting the varmint the whole party returned without losing a man. As to what the other 9,500 men are, or have been about, we are entirely in the dark. Picayune.

Pretty Good.—A man by the name of Cotton, being under trial in Alabama for a capital offence, viz.: stealing negroes, some one asked the prosecutor what he thought of his prospects?

"Why," replied the barrister, "the probability is, that *Cotton* will take a *rise* in about four weeks, followed by a very sudden *fall!*"

A swindler in Philadelphia entered a fashionable hotel, and seated himself with a becoming nonchalance at the dinner table. It so happened that he was known, and the servants kicked him out. So he lost his *dinner* and got his *desert*.

Anecdote of Nelson.—On the morning of the 2d of April (the day after the battle of Copenhagen), when it was scarcely light, Nelson repaired in his gig, his usual conveyance, on board the Elephant, which he supposed to be still aground. The cold and fatigue of a long row, at that early hour, in a northern sea, had not the effect of either causing this extraordinary man to indulge in rest, or to forget those for whose fate he was concerned. His delight and praises on finding the ship afloat were unbounded. He took a hasty breakfast, and then rowed to such of the prizes as were not yet removed from the shore. Here he gave another proof of the eccentricity as well as boldness of his character. Learning that one of the Danish line-of-battle ships, the Seeland, the last that struck, and which was under the immediate protection of the Three Crowns' Battery, had refused to acknowledge herself to be captured, and made some quibble about the colors and not the pendant having been hauled down, he ordered one of our brigs to approach her, and proceeded in his gig to one of the enemy's ships which were within that battery, in order to communicate with Commodore Fischer, whose flag was flying on board the Elephanten. He went on board, and claimed the Seeland. The Danish officers denied that she had struck. Nelson declared upon his honor that she had, adding that, unless she were immediately given up, he would haul down the flag of truce. The Danes said that they wished to treat with Lord Nelson in person. "I am Lord Nelson," he cried: "see, here's my fin,"—at the same time throwing a-side his green dreadnaught, showing the stump of his right arm, and exposing his three stars. The ship was given up without further altercation.

Some convicts broke open a jail in Maryland, where they were confined, when one of their fellows refused to leave, stating that he was enjoying the most comfortable quarters he had seen for some years, and had no idea of giving up a certainty for an uncertainty in these hard times.

Hints to Sportsmen.—The mention of broken necks reminds me of an anecdote of a hard riding Leicestershire grazier, in the days of the renowned Mr. Meynell. Getting a bad fall one day, and being picked up apparently lifeless by some of the field, to whom he was unknown, they began to pull him violently by his heels and his head, supposing, by the unnatural position of the latter, that his neck was dislocated. Coming to himself, however, during the operation, he thus addressed the good Samaritans who had stopped to afford him relief,—a thing not always to be looked for when hounds are going the pace—"Don't ye pull, gentlemen, *I was born so!*"

A Horrible Occurrence.—A most awful catastrophe lately occurred at a meeting of politicians somewhere north. Some dozen or two had met at a still house to hear the Message read. One thoughtless fellow placed his nose to the bung-hole of a barrel containing rather purer alcohol than he had been accustomed to, when, most melancholy, mysterious, and miserable to relate, the spirit took fire, blew up, not only the barrel, but the whole company, with the building to boot. At the last accounts, none of the fragments had come down. Picayune.

A Wedding Ride.—Horses were scarce at the first settlement of this country. It is not recorded that they were introduced into the Plymouth Colony until about twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims; but the "young folks" would have their rides notwithstanding. When John Alden was married—and John Alden was a great man in his day, a worshipful magistrate, and a counsellor, and a comedian withal, and a great favorite with the ladies, insomuch that he made nothing at all of "cutting out" the renowned Capt. Standish, who cut down the Indians like stubble; when John Alden was married, there was great "carryings on" about Cape Cod, where he woed and won the Captain's intended Miss Priscilla Mullens, the great belle of the Cape and Colony. He was determined to do the thing up in style, as became a gentleman, so he put a ring in his bull's nose, covered his back with a piece of broadcloth, mounted, and rode to the wedding. Miss Priscilla might well be proud of such a husband, and to prove herself worthy of him, she resolutely mounted the bull, at the moving home, and ambled along without fear, while her gallant spouse led him by the nose, and walked proudly by the side of his valuables—his bull and his wife. The gentleman who led, and the lady who rode, were the ancestors of some of the first families in the country—including members of Congress—heads of Colleges, and two Presidents of the United States.

Exeter News Letter.

In the report of the law case on Wednesday respecting the validity of the will of a reverend gentleman named Blackwood, it is stated that one of the bequests was the sum of £500 to Mr. W. Blackwood, "to whet his whistle, and my whistle occasionally." We should infer from this that the Rev. Mr. Blackwood was one of those red-nosed, fine old fellows, still to be found within the pale of the Church, though not so numerous as in less evangelical times. Parsons of this stamp could well appreciate the comfort of "whetting their whistles," alias, moistening their mortal clay, pretty frequently in the course of their lives. Such a clause in a man's will indicates his thirsty predilections with tolerable clearness. London Satirist.

A Card—Worthy of Notice.—De sullumbrated wokalis, Massa Golden, a gemman ob kuller, is being giving concerts to de Portland folk. Dey is werry well patronise.

A Lawyer's Story.—Tom strikes Dick over the shoulder with a rattan as big as your little finger. A lawyer would tell you the story something in this way:—And that, whereas the said Thomas, at the said Providence, in the year and day aforesaid, in and upon the body of the said Richard, in the peace of God and the State, then and there being, did made a most violent assault, and inflicted a great many and divers blows, kicks, cuffs, thumps, bumps, contusions, gashes, wounds, hurts, damages, and injuries, in and upon the head, neck, breast, stomach, hips, knees, shins, and heels of the said Richard, with divers sticks, staves, canes, poles, clubs, logs of wood, stones, guns, dirks, swords, daggers, pistols, cutlasses, bludgeons, blunderbusses, and boarding pikes, then and there held in the hands, fist, claws, and clutches of him, the said Thomas.

Thousands would go to see a Quaker hanged, that would be indifferent to the fate of a Presbyterian or an Anabaptist. I tremble, I am sure, at myself, when I think that so many poor victims of the law, at one time of their life, made as sure of never being hanged as I, in my own presumption, am ready, too ready, to do myself. What are we better than they? Do we come into the world with different necks? Is there any distinctive mark under our left ears? Are we unstrangulable, I ask you? Think on these things. I am shocked sometimes at the shape of my own fingers, not for their resemblance to the ape tribe (which is something), but for the exquisite adaptation of them to the purpose of picking, fingering, &c.

A Letter to Bernard Barton.

The New Jersey Senate were so anxious to adopt a bill received from the lower branch, authorising the issuing of small notes, that they dispensed with their rules, and were going ahead like a locomotive, when, alas! the Clerk said he couldn't find the bill. Having searched his table, drawer, and hat, the Senate was obliged to adjourn over to the next morning, in order to give him an opportunity to examine the pockets of his other trowsers.

Rob Roy.—This novel was a "tough job;" for lightly and airy as it reads, the author had struggled almost throughout it with the pains of cramp or the lassitude of opium. Calling on him one day to dun him for copy, James Ballantine found him with a clean pen and a blank sheet before him, and uttered some rather solemn exclamation of surprise. "Ay, ay, Jemmy," said he, "'tis easy for you to bid me get on, but how the deuce can I make Rob Roy's wife speak with such a *curmurrying* in my guts."

Lockhart's Life of Scott.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 17, 1838.

THE EDITOR "AT HOME."

After a surrender of the editorial seat for some weeks, again we "mount the box," and gather up "the ribbons" of our new and dashing "turn-out." In our absence "the friends we left behind us" catered so judiciously for the gratification of our readers, that were we not quite "up to the mark" in "condition," we should fear being "distanced" upon again "entering" on our duties. But since we "bolted" we have become both *brown* and *stout*, and trust to "cut out the work" through the ensuing campaign "like nothing but a good one." To the "out and outers" who have been "drawn" since our return, we can only express our acknowledgements, and the hope that if, hereafter, we should be obliged to "cut," they may "come again." Our readers must allow they have the ability to "go the pace," and that they have given us "a breather." Heretofore, however, we have been nearly "trained off our legs" by "severe work," without the proper "exercise," having been "sweated" until we were "tucked up in the flank," and "drawn a shade too fine." But we have now got "the long train on," and feel "as fine as silk"—in "tip top condition" for a "bruising race." No "persuaders" will be required this season to get "the go-along" out of us—we shall "run on our courage and pull hard," and at the "finish" of the volume, trust to come in for a "division of the purses," as having "maintained our stroke to the end" and "placed" ourself respectably, for a young one, among "the cracks" of the day!

To be serious, other objects than writing editorials have recently employed our time, and drawn us far from our "accustomed seat." But most cheerfully we return to our labors again with renovated health and renewed energy of purpose.—Not unconnected with the interests and prosperity of our sheet have been the objects of our absence and the cause of an extended tour throughout the Western and Southern States. For a period of nearly seven years we have held the reins and guided the fleet coursers that have drawn this sheet from the realms of darkness into regions of light—from an inauspicious and gloomy beginning to the enjoyment of a wide spread patronage. Seven years since, a mere boy, unknown and unaided, we started the project of a Sporting Gazette. Trammelled by circumstances, retarded by inexperience, we groped our way slowly into those Southern and Western regions of our country where the sports we advocate were more generally appreciated and more liberally encouraged. For a long time it had been our most earnest desire to visit those portions of the Union to which at the outset we had looked for support, and from which we are receiving daily additions of most ample patronage. To gratify this wish, and to make ourselves personally acquainted with the gentlemen, the country, and the various interests involved in the Sports of the Turf, we took a sudden leave of our "sanctum" in November, and most advantageously employed three months in the pleasing survey.

What shall we say of the reception which everywhere awaited us! What shall we write that is not already known of the unbounded hospitality that everywhere pervades that section of the Union, and which was absolutely bestowed upon us in a manner at once so elegant and so bountiful, that the mere acknowledgment of the grateful compliment fills our throat and eyes with the emotion its remembrance must ever excite. From the start we found ourselves making, instead of a lonesome journey, a circle of friendly visits, meeting kindness and attention in every quarter; and we had only to regret that our necessary progress, while it abated our pleasure and separated us from new found friends, gave us so little time to enlarge the circle of useful and interesting acquaintances.

From Baltimore to Wheeling—thence to Cincinnati—thence to Louisville, and thence to Vicksburg, Natchez, St. Francisville, and New Orleans, our journey was chequered by incidents most gratifying to our feelings, and by the most flattering attentions from those whom a limited sojourn gave us an opportunity to take by the hand.

At New Orleans we had the happiness and the honor to renew old intimacies, and create new ones in a wide circle of gentlemen who are unsurpassed for their elegant and refined hospitality. It is impossible to erase from our mind the memory of their unlimited kindness, or the delicate manner in which it was bestowed. The chivalry and high breeding which dictated their generous impulses towards us, gave to their favors the impress of rewards, while we felt the consciousness that they were the dictates of the most noble benevolence. Our visit among that gallant throng of "friends to the Turf" occurred during their great annual Jockey Club meeting, and long shall we retain the pleasing impression of their courteous bearing amid the excitements of the race—their bland and gracious freedom at the Club, and their mirthful reminiscences of the fortunes of the day.

On our return we traversed the entire range of the Southern States, tarrying here and there amid hospitalities that often well nigh allured us to outstay the bounteous welcome we universally received. We could not, had we space, speak a moiety of our gratitude for kindness so unexpected and so undeserved. We can but attempt to acknowledge the unremitted attentions which were showered upon us at Mobile, Montgomery, Columbus, Augusta, Columbia, Charleston, Washington, and other cities, and therefore leave it to the noble natures which prompted them, to conceive of the sincerity and depth of that gratitude which such disinterested generosity should excite within us.

Thus much to explain our unwonted absence from our post. Permit us to improve this occasion to say a word for the future. Returning fresh from "the race horse region," and laden with the information a personal observation has afforded us, we shall be better enabled than ever to cater for the tastes and wishes of our Southern readers, and we assure them, and all our friends, both South and North, that so far as liberal expenditures, individual industry, and unflinching perseverance can improve the appearance and the value of the contents of the Spirit of the Times, that nothing shall be wanting on our part to render it all its warmest friends can desire.

CHESS.

The last moves in the match between the New-York and Washington City Chess Clubs, will be found in the following description of the games, from the commencement:—

FIRST GAME.	SECOND GAME.
N. Y. King's pawn, two squares.	W. King's pawn, two squares.
W. The same.	N. Y. The same.
N. Y. King's bishop to Queen' bishop fourth square.	W. King's knight to bishop's 3rd square.
W. The same.	N. Y. Queen's knight to bishop's third square.
N. Y. Queen's bishop's pawn one square.	W. Queen's pawn, two squares.
W. Queen to King's second.	N. Y. King's pawn takes pawn.
	W. King's bishop to Queen' bishop's 4th.

Table of Winning Horses, in 1837, Four Mile Heats.

We present to-day the first of our annual series of Tables, giving the winners of Four mile heats, during the past year. It will be followed by Tables of American Winning Horses at Three, Two, and One Mile Heats—a Table of *Winning Trotting Horses*, at all distances—a List of all the principal *Stallions* of the year 1838, with their pedigrees, terms, places of standing, etc.,—and a complete Alphabetical List of *English Winning Horses* at all distances, in 1837. Immense care and attention will be expended upon them, and our readers may confidently rely upon their accuracy. They are compiled expressly for this paper, and are furnished by no other publication in the country.

It will be seen that during the year 1837, Col. Bingaman, of Miss., won 8 races of Four Mile heats, 6 with *Fanny Wright*. Col. Johnson of Va., also, won 8, and 4 with *Atalanta*. Gen. Irvine, of Pa., won 5, and all of them with *Mingo*. Col. Hampton, of S. C., was also the winner of 5. Maj. Ragland, of Ala., won 3 with *Othello*; and Col. Heth, of Va., 3 with *Decatur*. Messrs. Selden, Howard, Garrison, Starke, and Frost, won 2 each.

In running our eye over the *sires* of the winners, we find that the get of Eclipse won 10 times, the get of Industry 8, Bertrand and imported Leviathan 7 each, Sir Charles 5, Henry 4, Sussex and Trumpator 3 each, and Stockholder, Medley, and Flagellator, 2 each.

Of the *dams* of the winners, Sir Archy's get won 10 times, Ratler's 9, Alfred's 9, Eclipse's 6, Ratray's 3, Pacolet's 3, Constitution's 2, St. Tammany's 2, Director's 2, Top-Gallant's 2, and Oscar's 2.

SALES OF BLOOD STOCK.

The transactions in blood stock appear to be very little affected by "the pressure." Large sales have recently been made at very liberal prices, and the demand for thorough-bred stock is increasing to such a degree, particularly at the extreme South, that breeders need be under no apprehension of having to sell at reduced rates for a year to come. We annex the particulars of such sales as have come to our knowledge recently:—

Messrs. Henry A. Tayloe and Edward Johnson (thorough bred ones, both, from the Old Dominion) of Greensborough, Ala., have purchased the racing stable of Mr. Eli Abbott, of Columbus, Miss., for $12,000. It consists of *Hortense*, by Pacific, *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, *Pactolus*, by the same, *Maria Black*, an imported 3 yr. old f. by Filho da Puta out of a Smolensko mare, and a 3 yr. old colt by Wild Bill. This string has nearly cleared its cost this Fall in Club purses alone, and when strengthened, as it is to be, by drafts from Virginia, it will be an ugly crowd at the soft places between North Alabama and New Orleans.

John R. Head, of Manchester, Miss., gave $8000 for *Sarah Bladen*, the crack 3 yr. old of Tennessee, who is matched against *Picton*. She is a chesnut, out of Morgiana, by Pacolet, and "a perfect Hoosher." The filly is rather the favorite in the match, about which immense sums have been laid out at the South. We do not recollect an instance of a 3 yr. old filly that has brought so high a price, Col. Johnson's $6000 for *Mary Blunt*, and Col. Hampton's $5000 for *Bay Maria*, and $5000 for *Charlotte Russe*, when 2 yrs. old, coming nearest to it. By the bye, $6000 was offered Col. Heth for Charlotte, by her present owner, before he had seen her, but as Col. H. had previously offered her for $5000 to another gentleman, he parted with her at that price.

Yelverton N. Oliver, Esq., founder of the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, has disposed of half his interest in Walter, Enceiro, The Jewess, Joe Kearney, Nelson, Juliana, Monmouth and others, to Minor Kenner, Esq., of that city.—They gave $3500 for *The Jewess*, $2500 for *Walter*, and $4000 for three of the following colts:—a Charles c. 4 yrs., another b. c. by the same, 3 yrs., a Gohanna c. 3 yrs. out of Richard of York's dam, and a b. c. by Moses, 2 yrs., out of the same mare.

Mr. Dugger's *Stock*.—On the 24th ult., was sold by auction, the mares and foals of the late Daniel Dugger, Esq., at his residence, in Brunswick Co., Va., near Petersburg.

Maria West (Wagner's dam) by Marion, dam by Citizen	$1750 00
Polly Peacham, by John Richards, dam by Imp. Chance	1555 00
A three year old Filly by Sir Charles, out of Polly Peacham	1700 00
A three year old Filly by Sir Charles, out of an Archy mare	180 00
A three year old Colt by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian	625 00
A two year old Colt by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peacham	1555 00
A two year old Colt by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Gohanna	160 00
A yearling Colt by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peacham	1020 00
A yearling Filly by Eclipse, out of Maria West	1700 00
A Filly foal by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham	720 00
A Filly foal by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West	1000 00
A Filly foal by Imp. Shakspeare, dam by Gohanna	110 00
Total amount of sales	$12,075 00

Dr. Merritt, of Hicksford, Va., bought the dam of *Catherine Davis*, at this sale, for $1500, as we hear. The principal purchaser of Mr. Dugger's stock was Mr. Rodgers of N. C., who took about three fourths of it; the yearling Eclipse filly, out of Maria West, was knocked down to this gentleman at $1700.

N. B. Newsom, Esq., of Lebanon, Tenn., has sold one half of old *Black Sophia* and her two colts, for $6000, to Wm. E. Long and A. Jackson, Esqrs., of Sumpter Co., Ala.

James H. Bradfute, Esq., of Tenn., has sold his br. c. *Melzare*, (described in another column) to Col. Vance Johnston, of Mobile, for $2000.

John Morrison, Esq., of Augusta, Ga., has sold the following brood mares to Gen. Thos. S. Woodhead, of Tuskegee, Ala., for $1500:—*Betsey Ariel*, 5 yrs. out of Lady Ariel, by Eclipse; *Lady Harrison*, out of an own sister to Virginian, by Arab.

One half of *Birmingham* was purchased at auction, at Mobile, recently, for $1500, by Y. N. Oliver, of New Orleans. Birmingham distanced *Scarlet*, at Mobile, in 7:48, and was afterwards beaten by *Miss Medley* in 7:47, when he broke down.

Mr. Doss, of Alabama, has recently purchased *Lucy Benton* (in Mr. Lynn Cock's stable), for $5000. Her stock has escaped our memory; but we saw her at Vicksburg a few weeks since, and remember her as a very handsome bay filly, in high form. She lost the Two mile purse at V., having travelled up to her hocks in mud from Alabama a few days previous.

WHO WILL SEND TWO?

The expenditures made upon the *Spirit of the Times* within the last three years have constantly kept pace with, and usually outstripped, the actual income of the concern. Yet in the present volume, commencing with this number, we go to large additional expense, as our readers will readily gather from the appearance of this sheet, and the labor bestowed upon it. In determining to take this course, we had almost made up our minds to venture upon a direct appeal to each individual subscriber—to state to him frankly the case, and ask him to give us his aid in extending the circulation of the paper, *by sending us a new subscriber*.

We defended such a course to ourselves by considerations like these:—"The character of the Spirit of the Times is entirely sui generis—it is a perfect rara avis among American newspapers—it receives no countenance or aid from parties or sects, as it advocates no political or religious doctrines—it is devoted almost exclusively to the Turf and its interests, and relies mainly for support upon a limited class of readers. Unless it can secure the support of a majority of that class, "saltpetre won't save it." Thus did we reason with ourselves, and feeling in a manner personally acquainted with a very large portion of our readers, (who comprise pretty much all the bang-up, clever fellows between this and sun-down,) and knowing full well that no paper ever had a list of subscribers embodying more spirit and prompt generosity than our own, we thought that each would excuse the liberty were we to make a direct requisition, and ask every mother's son of them TO SEND US A NEW SUBSCRIBER. "Stand and deliver!" was to have been the word—"a new subscriber"—"a gentleman like yourself," the sole chance of escape.

Such were our thoughts, and upon conversing with some of the Fathers of the Turf, they told us to do it—by all means to do it. But upon reflection, our courage, like that of Bob Acres', oozed out at our fingers' ends; scruples began to suggest themselves as to the propriety of such an appeal, and ultimately we determined to abandon the immediate execution of such highway robbery, yet reserving to ourselves the privilege of the plot. Any gentleman, however, is perfectly at liberty to act upon the above hint "as he damn pleases," as they say in Mississippi, and any one forwarding the name of a new subscriber, "shall receive the thanks of the subscriber, and no questions asked!"

But we *have* determined upon one plan, by which we hope to bring the paper into more extended notice and circulation. We propose to send to such of our subscribers as reside in the more inland districts of the country an *extra copy* of to-day's paper, in the hope that they will so far oblige us as to loan the duplicate to such of their individual acquaintances as they may know to be favorable to "the good cause," but who have no opportunity of seeing the paper and subscribing to it. And we will only say in conclusion to such friends as may receive them, that they will essentially advance our interests by giving to them such a direction as in their judgment will best promote our object.

We find it utterly impossible for our Agents to deviate from the great main routes of travel, and yet we became satisfied during a late tour through the South and West, that there were thousands of individuals interested in horses and the turf living remote from the great thoroughfares, and scattered upon their plantations throughout the country, who would gladly avail themselves of such intelligence and amusement as our sheet affords, if they were "wide awake" to its character. Even now we are deeply indebted to several kind friends in remote parts of the country for their regard to our interests, manifested by forwarding us the names of friends to whom they wished the paper sent. Every week brings us letters of this character, particularly from the Western States. And we cannot forbear mentioning the case of one gentleman in Kentucky, who very recently SENT THE NAMES OF Fourteen Gentlemen whom he wished added to our list, and who became personally responsible for the whole. Just let us catch another gentleman playing that game, that's all.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

New Orleans taking the lead!—Three new Jockey Clubs have been organized at New Orleans since the middle of Dec., and two new tracks will be completed in season for meetings the ensuing spring. We have but room to state this week, that Messrs. Henry A. Tayloe, Dr. J. C. Branch and M. Marigny, are at the head of the Ponchartrain Course, and Messrs. Jas. S. Garrison and Richard Adams, of the new course on the Nashville Rail Road. A new Creole Club, in conjunction with Oliver's, are to have annual meetings on his Eclipse Course, at Carrollton. In four successive weeks, there will then be offered four purses of $3000 each, for four mile heats—four purses of $2000 each, for three mile heats—four purses of $1500 each, for two mile heats—four purses of $1000 each, for mile heats—four purses of $1200 each, for a Plate, two mile heats; and four purses of $1500 each, for mile heats, best three in five! No wonder blood stock commands enormous prices at the South, when inducements like these are held out to the breeder and turfman.

"The invincible *Trifle*" has been taken up, and will be trained this spring, by Col. Johnson, of Va., who owns her with Capt. David H. Branch, now soon to be our fellow citizen. The fact will excite immense interest in sporting circles throughout the country.

The match between Col. Claiborne's *Susan Yandell*, and Messrs. Wells' *Kathleen*, for $10,000 aside, h. ft., four mile heats, is understood to be off, Kathleen having broke down. The match was to have come off at Natchez, on the 13th March. Susan Yandell will also receive forfeit from *Miss Lyndsay* (who has let down), in a match, four mile heats, for $5000 aside, h. ft., to have come off at Vicksburg, Miss., this spring.

Grant's *Equestrian Match* over the Beacon Course, last week, has created considerable excitement. He has furnished us with the particulars of the match, giving us the time of each mile, etc.; from which it appears that he rode 15 horses, and made 91 changes. He started at 2 o'clock, P. M., on Thursday, and stopped at 11 minutes past 12 o'clock, M. on Friday, having completed 240 miles. Several correspondents are perfectly savagerous at the result, and not only give the proprietors of the course the hot end of the poker, but ask us to rub down Grant's shins with a brickbat. There is no doubt entertained, we believe, of Grant's ability to have performed the match had he been furnished with decent horses. It behooves him, if he cares a frozen apple for his reputation, to give up the names of the parties who made the match. Something must be done about the affair, before another week. There would be shouts of "*let go my hair!*" if some of our correspondents were allowed to "say *their* say so."

A match, three mile heats, for $2000 aside, h. ft., has just been concluded,—to come off on the Friday preceding the ensuing Spring Races over the Eclipse Course, at New Orleans,—between

Mr. John F. Miller's b. f. *Lady of the Lake*, by Sir Henry Tonson, d. by Dare Devil, 4 y. and Mr. Francis Henderson's b. c. *Longitude*, by Imp. Leviathan, d. by Pacolet, 3 y.

The great match for $5000 aside, four mile heats, between *Dick Chinn* and *Seagull*, was to come off on the 9th Jan., over the Rapide Course, Alexandria, La. The result has not reached us.

No less a sum than $2000 has been refused for *Trifle's* filly foal, by Star; it is said to be a nonpareil.

We left *Rodolph* at New Orleans on the 5th Jan., in Bob Wooding's hands. He had sufficiently recovered from his lameness to be put into walking exercise. In the spring of his 3 yr. old year he was lame in his near fore leg, as now, and was not started. He is matched for 500 bales of Cotton, two mile heats, vs. *Angora*; the match to come off at Natchez, on the 17th of May next. Hereafter we will attempt a description of them both, and in the meantime would advise gentlemen in distant States to refrain from making their engagements on the match, P. P.

George Ward, Esq., of Ky., has killed *thirty-one* bear this season, on his plantation at Lake Washington, Miss. A neighbor of his informed us, that *he* and Mr. W. had killed thirty-*two*!

There are strong reasons for believing that our facetious and spirited correspondent, *Pete Whetstone*, will be elected to Congress from Arkansas, at the next election. He is not only the most able speaker in the State Legislature, but can out-shoot, dance, sing, or fiddle, any man in the state; while at racing, preaching, or telling a story, nobody there is a huckleberry to his persimmon. We saw a steamboat and half-a-dozen flat-boats on the Mississippi, bearing his name, and "shouldn't be surprised" if he was selected as the Western candidate for the Presidency one of these days. Go it, Pete!

On referring to the list of "Races to Come," it will be seen that several additions have been made to the appointments of the spring meetings of 1838.

Y. N. Oliver, Esq., of New Orleans, has purchased the Oakland Course at Louisville, Ky. for $25,000. The establishment includes a handsome hotel and several other buildings, and Oliver will be able, at an inconsiderable expense, to make the Oakland one of the finest courses in the country.

Mr. John Blevins, of Ala., has recently sold *Louisa Bascombe*, (3 yrs., by Star of the West, dam by Pacific) to the Hon. Alex. Barrow, of St. Francisville, La. She will probably be his nomination in the post stakes of seven subs., at $1000 each, P.P., two mile heats, that comes off at the ensuing Spring meeting, over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans. Louisa is a chesnut, without white, under 15 hands. She is light forehanded, but has a game head and a very fine shoulder, with a good back and loin. With plenty of length in her arms, she has remarkably short cannon or shank bones; her hocks also are fine. She won the Club purse for mile heats, at New Orleans, in December, and ran second to *Angora* for the plate.

Thos. M. Doyle, Esq., of New Orleans, sold his famous racker, *Invincible*, (bred at the North), on the 4th Jan., for $1250.

The cleverest operation in the line of "swapping horses" that we have heard of recently, was made by our Virginia friend, Garrison, during the races at New Orleans. A report having got abroad that *Charles Magic* (owned by the Messrs. Bowie's of Upper Marlboro', Md.,) was the great gun of Garrison's stable, that gentleman was waited upon and offered $3500 and *Mogul* for him. "Done," said Garrison. Charles Magic was accordingly transferred to another stable, and a distinguished turfman was induced to enter him for the Two mile purse the next day, when, being amiss, he was beaten by *Joe Kearney*. After the race, the purchaser of Charles again waited upon Garrison, and offered him $2000 to "*swap back*," which he did, and three days afterwards Mogul nearly reimbursed his owner by winning the purse for Mile heats. The parties each think they made a good thing of it, like the two boys Down East, who, being shut in a closet at school one afternoon, made three shillings apiece by swapping jackets.

Fergus Duplantier, Esq., of Mancache, East Baton Rouge, La., some months since, purchased *Wren*, own sister to Linnet, for $5000. *Object*, (by Marshal Ney,) the dam of Wren, etc., was purchased some five years since for $500, by John Duncan, Esq., of Montgomery, Ala., who now owns her with Dr. John W. Withers, of Washington, Ala. Object was never trained, being hip shotten; she is a bay, with a star and white hind feet; she has a very fine shoulder and fore arm, and stands on remarkably clean and delicate limbs. She is now ten years old, and is stinted to Imp. Leviathan, by whom she has produced *Linnet*, who has been sold for $10,000—*Wren*, sold for $5000—*Lark*, a s. f. coming 3 yrs.—*Nightingale*, a b. f. coming 2 yrs.—*Thrush*, a s. c. yearling, and is now in foal to Leviathan. If she produces a colt foal, *Falcon* is bespoken for its name.

☞ We are so much pressed for room this week, as to have *no* room, comparatively, for the mass of *Sporting Intelligence* in our possession.

Sensitiveness of an old Mare.—Animal magnetism has been much discussed lately without any thing being proved; but that animals possess acute sensibility, the following will serve to illustrate:—

"I say Bill," said a hackney-coachman to his brother whip, "how d—d bad your old black mare looks."

"Ay," says Bill, "and well she may; for when I left her at home last Wednesday fortnight a *Black Job* came in, and my old screw of a governor, who's about as hungry an old hound as is, being short of long-tails, and not liking to lose the order, claps her at wheel in the hearse, which *so shocked her feelings*, that I thought the poor old creature would 'a'e died; and I'm blowed if I think she'll ever get over it."

New Sporting Mag., Dec. 1837.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF AMERICAN WINNING HORSES IN 1837.—FOUR MILE HEATS.

ANNUALLY COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NAME.	COLOR.	AGE.	SIRE.	DAM.	OWNED OR ENTERED BY.	PRIZE.	WT.	TIME.	BEATING THE UNDERMENTIONED HORSES.	COURSE.	DATE.	VOL.
Alice Riggs	ch. f.	4	Imp. Leviathan	Sally Hope, by Sir Archy	Barrow & Routh	$5000s	97	8:13—8:15	John Minor, in a match	Natchez, Miss.	Feb. 4	21
Argyle	br. h.	aged	Mons. Tonson	Thistle, by Ogle's Oscar	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	700 P	124	8:05—8:09	Sally Eubanks, Marshall, Sophia, and Spartacus	Newmarket, Va.	April 27	93
Atalanta	br. m.	5	Industry	Nancy Norwood, by Rattler	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	700 P	107	8:16	Matthew, Experiment, and Missouri	Tree Hill, Va.	Oct. 6	277
Atalanta	br. m.	5	Industry	Nancy Norwood, by Rattler	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	1000 P	107	7:50—7:56	Fanny Wyatt, Lady Cliffden, and Master Henry	Central Course, Md.	Oct. 20	292
Atalanta	br. m.	5	Industry	Nancy Norwood, by Rattler	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	700 P	107	7:58—8:26	Caddy Jones	Petersburgh, Va.	Oct. 12	316
Atalanta	br. m.	5	Industry	Nancy Norwood, by Rattler	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	800 P	111	8:22—8:22	Lady Cliffden and Champagne	Trenton, N. J.	Nov. 17	324
Bay Maria	b. m.	5	Eclipse	Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy	Col. Wade Hampton	800 P	109	8:35—8:10	Clodhopper and Kite	Columbia, S. C.	Jan. 3	22
Bay Maria	b. m.	5	Eclipse	Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy	Col. Wade Hampton	1000 P	109	8:09—8:00	Sally Vandyke	Augusta, Ga.	Jan. 25	22
Bay Maria	b. m.	5	Eclipse	Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy	Col. Wade Hampton	1000 P	109	8:03—8:05—8:09	Rienzi, Kite, Lady Morgan, and Sweet Emma	Charleston, S. C.	Jan. 22	29
Birmingham	br. h.	5	Stockholder	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant	Peter B. Starke	5000 s	110	7:48	Scarlet, in a match	Mobile, Ala.	April 3	77
Birmingham	br. h.	5	Stockholder	Black Sophia, by Top Gallant	Peter B. Starke	1000 P	110		Walked over	Mobile, Ala.	April 7	77
Camsidel	br. m.	6	Industry	Arethusa, by Sir Hal	James B. Kendall	700 P	115	7.52—8:16	Enceiro, Leesburgh, and Republican	Kendall Course, Md	May 11	109
Charlotte Russe	ch. f.	4	Sir Charles	Trifle's dam, by Cicero	Col. Wade Hampton	1500 P	99	8:05—8:01	Kite, Clodhopper, and Big John	Augusta, Ga.	Dec. 8	364
Cippus	bl. h.	5	Industry	By Mark Anthony	James S. Garrison	1000 P	110	8:12—7:54	Atalanta, Prince George, and Enceiro	Washington, D. C.	May 5	101
Corinna	b. m.	5	Trumpator	By Director	Thomas D. Moore	300 P	107	7:35—7:44	Crowder, Rival, and Young Lafayette.—(Track 28 rods short of a mile.)	Cleveland, Ohio	May 9	221
Corinna	b. m.	5	Trumpator	By Director	A. W. Small	400 P	107	9:27—8:26	John Marshall and Pyrrhus.—(Track 16 yards over a mile.)	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Oct. 4	388
Decatur	ch. c.	4	Henry	Ostrich, by Eclipse	Col. John Heth	1000 P	100	8:21—8:26	Atalanta, Cippus, and Jesse Grimstone	Baltimore, Md.	May 19	116
Decatur	ch. c.	4	Henry	Ostrich, by Eclipse	Col. John Heth	6000 s	100	8:28	Carroll, in a match	Baltimore, Md.	May 17	109
Decatur	ch. c.	4	Henry	Ostrich, by Eclipse	Col. John Heth	600 P	100	8:01—8:05—8:24	Nick Biddle, Argyle, and Black Rabbit	Fairfield, Va.	Oct. 20	301
Fanny Wright	ch. f.	4	Bertrand	Marcella, by Alfred	Col. A. L. Bingaman	1200 P	97	8:23—8:21½	Linnet, Daniel O'Connell, and Susan Yandell	Natchez, Miss.	March 3	52
Fanny Wright	ch. f.	4	Bertrand	Marcella, by Alfred	Col. A. L. Bingaman	2000 P	97	8:30—8:29	Kathleen and Glorvina	New Orleans, La.	March 20	61
Fanny Wright	ch. f.	4	Bertrand	Marcella, by Alfred	Col. A. L. Bingaman	800 P	97	8:10	Linnet	Plaquemine, La,	April 8	102
Fanny Wright	ch. f.	4	Bertrand	Marcella, by Alfred	Col. A. L. Bingaman	1000 P	97		Walked over	St. Francisville, La.	April 21	126
Fanny Wright	ch. m.	5	Bertrand	Marcella, by Alfred	Col. A. L. Bingaman	3000 P	107	7:51½—8:04	Glorvina	New Orleans, La.	Dec. 10	356
Fanny Wright	ch. m.	5	Bertrand	Marcella, by Alfred	Col. A. L. Bingaman	1000 P	107	8:35	Sutin Sufada.—(Track 16 yards over a mile.)	Vicksburg, Miss,	May 16	144
Franklin	ch. h.	5	Flagellator	By Eclipse	John Frost	500 P	110	9:05—9:06	Miss Pink and Henry Archy	St. Louis, Mo.	May 26	181
Franklin	ch. h.	5	Flagellator	By Eclipse	John Frost	500 P	110		Walked over	St. Louis, Mo.	Oct. 20	332
Glance	ch. f.	4	Wild Bill	Grey Goose, by Pacolet	John Blevins	1000 P	97	9:21	A gr. f. by Eclipse, out of a Thaddeus mare, and Albatross	Greensboro', Ala.	Nov. 2	332
Glorvina	oh. m.	5	Industry	By Richmond	James S. Garrison	1000 P	107		Walked over	Mobile, Ala,	Nov. 24	356
Grey Goose	gr. m.	5	John Bingley	By Devil Ketcher	Mr. Ousely	400 P	107	8:30—8:28—8:33	Flora, Eva Wentworth, Charley Downing, and Turner Ray	Cullodensville, Ga.	April 13	310
Hickory John	ch. h.	6	John Richards	Kitty Hickory, by Hickory	John G. Winter	800 P	120	8:08—8:13	Milwaukie, Delville, and Leiber	Columbia, S. C.	Nov. 21	340
Hortense	b. m.	5	Pacific	Bett Bossley, by Little Wonder	Dr. Wm. A. Leland	5000 s	107	8:00—8:00	Scarlet	Columbus, Miss.	May 18	269
Kite	gr. c.	4	Mucklejohn	Eliza Splotch, by Sir Archy	John Morrison	800 P	100		David Bailey, Volney, and Jim Brown	Milledgeville, Ga.	Nov. 17	332
Lady Cliffden	ch. f.	4	Sussex	Betsey Wilson, by Ratray	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	1000 P	101	9:05—9:07—9:17	Decatur and Mingo	Camden, N. J.	May 26	128
Lady Cliffden	ch. f.	4	Sussex	Betsey Wilson, by Ratray	Col. James M. Selden	1000 P	101	7:44-7:43½-7:56½	Picton, Fanny Wyatt, and Mingo	Union Course, L. I.	Nov. 3	300
Lady Cliffden	ch. f.	4	Sussex	Betsey Wilson, by Ratray	Col. James M. Selden	1000 P	101	8:09—8:04	Picton and Atalanta	Beacon Course, N. J	Sept. 10	309
Lath	ch. c.	4	Godolphin	Pocahontas, by Sir Archy	Col. Wade Hampton	600 P	104	7:57—8:02—8:07	Dorabella and Sir Kenneth	Camden, S. C.	Nov. 7	332
Mary Blunt	b. f.	4	Sir Charles	By Alfred	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	1000 P	97	7:50—8:11	Cippus	Washington, D. C.	Oct. 6	277
Mary Blunt	ch. f.	4	Sir Charles	By Alfred	Col. Wm. R. Johnson	1000 P	97	7:55—8:14	Isaac of York, Bonny Black, Eliza Ann, Howard, and Medora	Kendall Course, Md	Oct. 12	285
Mary Wynn	b. f.	4	Eclipse	Flirtilla, by Sir Archy	James H. Bradfute	450 P	97	7:30—7:34	Othello.—(Track 161 yards short of a mile.)	Tuscumbia, Ala.	Nov. 17	340
Master Henry	b. c.	4	Henry	By Eclipse	James B. Kendall	400 P	100	8:11—8:16—8:26	Daniel Star and Mary Hutton	Charlestown, Va.	Sept. 19	268
Medalion	ch. h.	aged	Bertrand	Sophia Wynn	Gholson Stapp		124	8:23—8:38	Vantrump and Diamond	Burksville, Ky.	May 11	310
Mingo	b. h.	6	Eclipse	Bay Bet, by Thornton's Rattler	Gen. C. Irvine	1000 P	121	8:01	Fanny Wyatt	Union Course, L. I.	May 4	92
Mingo	b. h.	6	Eclipse	Bay Bet, by Thornton's Rattler	Gen. C. Irvine	1000 P	121	8:01—8:25—7:47	Mary Blunt, African, Gypsey, and Post Boy	Union Course, L. I,	June 2	125
Mingo	b. h.	6	Eclipse	Bay Bet, by Thornton's Rattler	Gen. C. Irvine	700 P	121	7:51½—8:05	Lady Cliffden and Camsidel	Trenton, N. J.	June 9	133
Mingo	b. h.	6	Eclipse	Bay Bet, by Thornton's Rattler	Gen. C. Irvine	1000 P	121	7:52½	Bonny Black and Gypsey	Union Course, L. I.	Oct. 5	268
Mingo	b. h.	6	Eclipse	Bay Bet, by Thornton's Rattler	Gen. C. Irvine	1000 P	121	7:56—7:52	Lady Cliffden and Atalanta	Camden, N. J.	Oct. 27	302
Miss Medley	gr. m	5	Medley	Pet, by St. Tammany	Col. T. B. Howard	700 P	107	7:57—8:00	Clodhopper and Francis Marion.—(Track 33 yards short of a mile.)	Macon, Ga.	April 14	85
Miss Medley	gr. m	6	Medley	Pet, by St. Tammany	Col. T. B. Howard	1000 P	115	7:47—8:10	Birmingham and Little Red.—(Track 15 yards short of a mile.)	Columbus, Ga.	May 5	109
Naked Truth	gr. f.	4	Imp. Leviathan	Ellen Mar, by Pacolet	Col. A. L. Bingaman	1000 s	70	8:05	John Beasley, carrying 90 lbs., in a match	Plaquemine, La.	April 7	102
Naked Truth	gr. f.	4	Imp. Leviathan	Ellen Mar, by Pacolet	Col. A. L. Bingaman	1000	97		Purity	Vicksburg, Miss.	Dec. 30	42
Othello	bl. h.	5	Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Maj. Samuel Ragland	600 P	110	8:12	Albatross	Gallatin, Tenn.	Sept. 22	269
Othello	bl. h.	5	Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Maj. Samuel Ragland	1000 P	110	8:30—8:29½	Kathleen and O'Kelly	Nashville, Tenn.	Oct. 6	285
Othello	bl. h.	5	Imp. Leviathan	By Sir Archy	Maj. Samuel Ragland	700 P	110	7:55—8:07	A ch. c. by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, and Victoria	Huntsville, Ala.	Nov. 2	324
Prince George	b. h.	5	Industry	Thistle, by Ogle's Oscar	George W. Duvall	500 P	110	8:14—8:01	Camilla, Daniel Star and Madeline	Up. Marlboro', Md.	Sept. 29	277
Sally Eubanks	b. m.	aged	Roanoke	By Constitution	Wm. McCargo	800 P	121	8:07—8:11—8:15	Philip, Jesse, Orphan Boy, Experiment, Eliza Ann, and Paul Jones	Fairfield, Va.	May 4	101
Scarlet	s. h.	5	Waxy	By Tiger	Col. Vance Johnson	1000 P	110	7:56—8:18	Young Betsey Malone and John Anderson my Joe	Columbus, Miss.	May 18	269
Selima	ch. f.	4	Sir Charles	By Alfred	William Burton	550 P	97	9:01—9:00	The Jewess and Franklin	Memphis, Tenn.	Nov. 10	332
Sterling	s. h.	6	Sir Charles	By Powhattan	W. W. Hurt	400 P	118	9:30	Colin	Jackson, Tenn.	Sept. 28	309
Susan Yandell	b. f.	3	Sir Richard	By Rockingham	Col. Osmun Claiborne	5000 s	100	8:34—8:46	Prince Talleyrand, in a match	Natchez, Miss.	Jan. 30	5
Sutin Sufada	ch. c.	3	[Thoro' bred]	[Pedigree lost]	P. W. Ward	3000 s	86	8:16	Henry Martin and a ch. c. by Sir Charles.—(Track 30 feet over a mile.)	Vicksburg, Miss.	May 16	144
Tarlton	b. c.	3	Woodpecker	By Robin Grey	Sidney Burbridge	700 P	86	8:41—8:10—8:12	Wm. H. Harrison, Greyfoot, Tolivia, and Juliana	Lexington, Ky.	Oct. 19	302
Tom Branch	br. c.	4	Star	By Sir Charles	Philo C. Bush	500 P	100	8:37—8:37	Sam Houston and Henry Archy	St. Louis, Mo.	Oct. 6	296
Walter	b. c	4	Eclipse	By Constitution	John. C. Claiborne	800 P	100	8:20—8:11—8:21	Philip, Sally Eubanks, Marshall, & a ch. c. by Sir Charles, out of Clifford's d.	Tree Hill, Va.	May 11	109
Wm. H. Harrison	gr. c.	4	Trumpator	By Doublehead	George W. Tarlton	720 P	100	9:19—9:38—9:26	Jasper, Tarlton, and Hebe	Louisville, Ky.	Oct. 6	284
Zelina	b. f.	4	Imp. Leviathan	By Stockholder	John B. Jones	400 P	97		Mary Queen of Scots.—(Track said to be short of a mile.)	Greensboro', Ala.	April 20	108

MONTGOMERY (Ala.) SPRING RACES,

Commenced over the Bertrand Course, on the 23d of last month, and our special correspondent has furnished the detailed report, annexed. The Bertrand Course is pleasantly situated within a mile of the thriving town of Montgomery, and the enterprise of Messrs. POLLARD BROWN and J. BLOOD TAYLOR, the proprietors, have rendered it one of the handsomest establishments in the country. We visited it a few weeks since in company with "Uncle Pollard," and can safely remark of the Club Stand, that it is the most substantial and elegant structure in the Union, devoted to its present purpose. The new Ladies' Pavilion, on the Washington Course at Charleston, is the only one comparable with it. The proprietors had expended $17,000 on the track and buildings, at the date of our visit, and were then busily engaged in completing their arrangements, for the accommodation of their patrons.

The *Officers of the Club*, for 1838, comprise the following gentlemen:—Col. WILLIAM CAMPBELL, President; Dr. Thomas Brown and P. J. Gerald, Esqrs., Vice Presidents; F. H. Berkley, Esq., Sec'y; Pollard Brown, Treasurer; Dr. C. S. Lucas, Merrill Ashurst, and Thos. E. Leefe, Esqrs., Timers; Robt. Charles and Alfred Scott, Esqrs., Distance Judges; Dr. Lewis A. Raoul, D. R. Vickers, D. K. Archer, Joseph Hopper, and Dr. Hunter, Patrol Judges; and Maj. B. W. Bell, and Dr. B. J. Gause, Stewards.

Among the stables in attendance were those of Griffin Edmonson, J. M. Vance and J. J. Harrison, from Georgia; James H. Bradfute and Maj. W. R. Peyton, from Tennessee; and Gen. Thos. B. Scott, Col. Vance Johnston, Dr. Wm. A. Leland, Tayloe & Johnson, John Blevins, and Robt. Harrison, from different sections of Alabama. The town was thronged with strangers, and the citizens turned out almost en masse to lend their aid to the proprietors, and to evince by their presence the satisfaction with which they regarded the organization of a Club which comprises a large portion of all the gentlemen of character and wealth in Montgomery and its vicinity. Not the slightest accident occurred during the meeting, nor any circumstance calculated to disturb the harmony and good feeling which characterized it. We are compelled to abridge our correspondent's report.

TUESDAY, Jan. 23, 1838.—Purse $300, ent. $10; free for all ages, 2 year olds carrying a feather—3, 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—and aged 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Mile heats

Col. Vance Johnston's ch.c. *Authentic*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Timoura by Timoleon, 4 yrs	2	1	1
J. J. Harrison's b. c. *Southerner*, by Mucklejohn, out of American Citizen's d., 4 y.	4	2	2
Gen. Thos. B. Scott's ch. f. *Big Nancy*, by Jackson, dam by Gallatin, 2 yrs	3	3	3
Jas. H. Bradfute's b. c. *Quietus*, by Pacific, dam by Sir Hal. 3 yrs	1	dist.	
J. M. Vance's b. g. *Emerald*, by Timoleon, dam by Sir Archie, aged	5	dr	
Wm. A. Cary's b. f. *Betsey Jones*, by Bertrand, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	dist.		
Dr. Wm. A. Leland's ch. c. *Red Bill*, by Bertrand, out of the Duchess of Marlborough, 4 yrs	dist		

Time, 1:54—1:53—1:58.

Our correspondent writes that Southerner was the favorite *vs.* the field. Quietus cut out the work the 1st heat, and won it in hand, Authentic running 2d. In the next heat he lead off as before, and after passing the distance stand ahead, his jockey pulled him to the outer side of the track in the line of Authentic, who was endeavoring to pass; Quietus beat him in but a foot only, as it was. The charge of foul riding having been made on this account and sustained, Quietus was declared distanced by the Judges, who gave Authentic the heat. He won the 3d heat easily, Southerner running 2d and Big Nancy 3d.

We saw *Authentic* at Montgomery in the hands of JULIUS JEWELL, a brother of JAMES, the Long Island jockey in Mr. STEVENS' stable. He was bred by Capt. NICHOLAS DAVIS, of Limestone Co., Ala. He is a chesnut without white, about 15½ hands high, and put up more like the Eclipse than the Leviathan stock. He has the coarse head of Eclipse, with the fine loin, thigh, and stifle of the old horse. His feet are smaller than most of the Leviathans, and his limbs are "about right" as Pete Whetstone would say. His shank bones are very short in proportion to his fore arms, and his shoulder is broad and runs well back, as it should.

Quietus, in Bradfute's stable, is a bay with 3 white feet, about 15½ hands. He is heavily quartered like his sire "the great Pacific," and has a fine shoulder, back, and loin. His neck comes well out from his shoulders, and his head, which is handsome, is well set on. The only objection to him are his knees: the radius, or bone of his fore arm, projects over so that he must be apt to trip or stumble. He ran under the name of *Van Buren* at Nashville, in his 2 yr. old year, and won there.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 24—Purse $500, ent. $20; free for all ages; weights as before; Two mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's b. m. *Hortense*, by Pacific, out of Bett Bossley by Little Wonder, 5 yrs	1	1	
Jas. H. Bradfute's br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard, 3 yrs	2	2	
J. J. Harrison's b. f. *Ione*, by John Richards, out of Lady Morgan's dam, 4 yrs	6	3	
J. M. Vance's ch. m. *Jane Lamar*, by Reynold's Contention, dam by Gallatin, 5 yrs	3	dis	
W. R. Peyton's ch. f. by Rattler, dam by Eclipse, 4 yrs	4	dis	
Cor. Robinson's ch. c. *Linwood*, by Wild Bill, dam by Pacolet, 3 yrs	5	dis	

Time, 3.54—3:52.

Hortense was the favorite at 2 to 1 *vs.* the field. She and Melzare made the running the 1st heat, the others not being able to go the pace. In the 2d heat, three of the field were distanced, and Hortense won by a neck only, after a desperate brush.

Hortense does great credit to old Pacific, and is undoubtedly one of the very best of his get. Melzare we have seen; he is a brown, with no other white than a singular mark on the splent bone of his near fore leg. He has a small hump just back of his loins, at the union of the lumbar and sacral vertebræ, like nearly all the Bertrands we have seen. His barrel is well ribbed out, and his hocks are broad and strong; his neck, shoulder, and loin, unexceptionable; his head is comparatively light, and his ears like the Muleys.

THURSDAY, Jan. 25—Purse $700, ent. $30; free for all ages; weights as before; Three mile heats.

Tayloe & Johnson's b. f. *Zelina*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Stockholder, 4 yrs	1	1	
Col. Vance Johnson's b. h. *Paul Jones*, by Wild Bill, dam by Timoleon 3 yrs	4	2	
J. J. Harrison's gr. h. *Turnbull*, by Phenomenon, dam by Andrew, 5 yrs	2	3	
J. H. Bradfute's br. c. *Melzare*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	3	4	
C. Robinson's b. c. *Kleber*, by Bertrand, dam by Oscar, 3 yrs	5	5	

Time, 5.53—5:48.

Turnbull, the crack nag in his stable, was greatly the favorite, and was heavily backed even in Augusta, for this purse. The Georgians must have found Montgomery not quite the soft place it has been "cracked up to be." Zelina went to work from the score, with Turnbull waiting upon her, close up; she outfooted him in the run home, and won after a very severe brush. In the 2d heat Paul Jones caught up the running from Turnbull when he declined, but was unable to head the fleet Leviathan, who made a tip top race of it.

Paul Jones is out of Morocco Slipper, a half sister to John Bascombe, and a very promising son of Wild Bill. He is a bay, a little under 15 hands, with both hind feet white, as well as his near fore foot. His neck is thick and heavy, but he has a remarkably game head, like most of the Wild Bill stock. He has a good shoulder and chest, with a very short barrel, and is, all things considered, a pretty smart chunk of a horse.

FRIDAY, Jan. 26—Purse $1000, ent. $40; free for all ages; weights as before; Four mile heats.

Jas. H. Bradfute's b. f. *Mary Wynn*, by Eclipse, out of Flirtilla by Sir Archie, 4 yrs.	1	1	
Tayloe & Johnson's br. f. *Maria Black* (Imp.), by Filho da Puta, d. by Smolensko, 3 y.	2	2	
J. J. Harrison's gr. c. *Kite*, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, out of Eliza Splotch by Sir Archie, 4 yrs	dist.		

Time, 8:12—8:24. Run during a rain storm. Track very heavy.

This was a very heavy betting race; the imported filly was taken against either of the others, and $20,000 must have depended upon the result. There was a violent storm of rain the night previous, that continued during the day, which rendered the track excessively deep. The track was allotted to Mary Wynn.

Maria Black led off with a good business stroke, but on the backside of the course her saddle unfortunately slipped forward on her withers; notwithstanding this manifest disadvantage she maintained her place, with her jockey nearly on her neck, for three miles, when Mary Wynn ran up to her, and after a tremendous struggle beat her in to the stand by about a foot, Kite being "no where!"

The 2d heat was a second edition of the first, for again Maria's saddle slipped while she was leading. Mary passed her in the 3d round, and won handily.

Mary Wynn was bred and is owned by Col. WM. WYNN, of Va., the breeder of *Picton* and other good ones. She is a great strapping coarse mare, "a good 'un to go, though a rum 'un to look at," a bay, with no other white than a snip and a mark on the fetlock of her off hind foot. She is sixteen hands and an inch, good measure, and for substance can nearly match *Daghee*. She has got old Flirtilla's fine shoulder, with the muscular arms and thighs of old Eclipse. Her head is coarse, and her eye was anything but brilliant when we saw her. Her back is short and strong, and she is very fine across the loins; so that she can pack weight and carry it through the mud all day, like Henry Archie. She has immense strength in her long fore arms and thighs, and is very heavily quartered, with her hocks coming well down to the ground. With 140 lbs. up, few horses on the turf could go her pace and distance.

SATURDAY, Jan. 27—Purse $500, ent. $15; free for all ages; weights as before; Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Col. Vance Johnsotn's ch. c. *Authentic*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	1	1	1
J. J. Harrison's b. c. *Southerner*, pedigree above, 4 yrs	4	3	2
J. M. Vance's ch. m. *Jane Lamar*, pedigree above, 5 yrs	3	2	3
Jas. H. Bradfute's b. c. *Quietus*, pedigree above, 3 yrs	2	4	dr

Time, 2:01—1:59—2:00.

CAMDEN (S.C.) RACES—First Day.

Mr. Editor,—You never having published the result of the first day's racing at Camden, I conclude you never have received an account of it, so I give it to you below. In the four mile race [reported in this paper, page 332,] *Sir Kenneth* was improperly placed; he was 3—3—2, and *Dorabella* 1—2—3. This shows how necessary it is to compel *Secretaries* of Clubs to take down, and send to your valuable paper, correct reports. A SUBSCRIBER.

MONDAY, Nov. 6, 1837—Match, $500 a-side, Two mile heats.

Richardson & Mitchell's b. c. by Bertrand Jr., out of Coquette, 3 yrs. 90lbs	2	1	1
Mr. Sinkler's ch. f. by Bertrand Jr., out of Carolina, 3 yrs. 87lbs	1	2	

Time, 3:54—3:57—4:02.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for colts and fillies 3 years old, weights as before, Six subs. at $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats.

Col. Wade Hampton's Imported b. f. *Lilly*, by The Colonel, out of Fleur de Lis by Bourbon	1	1	
Maj. Richardson's br. f. by Imp. Luzborough, out of a sister to Pelham	2	2	

Time, 1:55—1:57. Won easily.

Col. SINGLETON's famous imported filly *Medora*, alias *Pomona*, by Chateau Margaux, will not show at the ensuing Charleston races, having broke down. The ch. c. out of Phenomena, by Imp. Luzborough, belonging to the same gentleman, is lame, we regret to state.

IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLISH HORSES.

BY THE BREEDER OF LADY CLIFFDEN.

[The interesting letter annexed was received last month during the Editor's absence at the South, and has been withheld to grace the 1st number of our new volume. It is from the pen of GEN. EMORY, of Maryland, an experienced and successful breeder, who has just returned from abroad. Having designated its distinguished author, we feel confident that nothing we could add is necessary to ensure it the deepest attention of our readers;—and if it affords them half that degree of satisfaction we think it must, they will rejoice with us in the anticipation of further communications from the same vigorous and able pen.]

DEAR SIR,—I feel greatly obliged by the kind and efficient manner in which you defended me in my absence against an anonymous writer, whose *liberality* in making an attack when he knew I could not respond, you have so fully avenged, that there exists no further necessity to notice him. It is, however, "passing strange" to me how any man who really knows me, and any of my sentiments respecting *Mingo*, expressed at any time, could be so oblique in his intellects, or so morbid in his sensibilities, as to pervert anything I have ever said into language calculated or intended to *underrate* that horse. I did say that I believed that whenever *Mingo* and *Lady Cliffden* should again meet, superior condition in either would determine the race, and that the probability was that if they ever met, both being perfectly right, that that race would terminate the racing career of the one or other of them. I spoke my candid belief, and it is not every man that owns a good horse who speaks of things which stand in his way with the same candor and *liberality*. The events of the autumn fully realized my anticipations, and I have yet to learn that Mingo, in order or out of order, ever did in any of his numerous races that he has won, make as good time as *he made* in the race which he lost to Cliffden over the Union Course.

I like Mingo's blood, his form, and racing powers, and if he were mine I would not alter him, except to give him hair a little more Arabian-like in its texture. I do not believe I saw a horse in England, judging from those I saw run, able to beat him the four mile heats.

Every moment which I could spare from business whilst I was in England I devoted to looking at the fine stock of that country of all kinds, riding sometimes

long distances out of my way to look at fine studs of horses. I saw the King's Stud at Hampton Court, and some others in the hands of private individuals quite as large. They were not to be looked at in an hour, and required some time to dwell over them and examine them. The result of my examination was disappointment in my expectations of English race horses. There are here and there a few specimens of the race horse of the very highest order, but the proportion of trash to the good is greatly beyond what I expected, and it is wonderful with what pertinacity some of the breeders stick to their trash. I might speak of much of their celebrated stock individually and by name, but it would be invidious, and besides a sort of breach of that hospitality which on all occasions so kindly gave me access to them. I did not see *Emilius*, the prince of horses, nor *Plenipo*, although I rode thirty miles to see the latter; but of all their celebrated stallions I did see, the only ones I thought suitable and worthy of being brought to this country were *Camel*, *The Colonel*, and a little horse called *Caccia Piatti*, belonging to Mr. THEOBALD, but little valued in England because he is under their size. I saw no other horses in England that I would breed from gratis, except the *Black Arabian* in the King's Stud, which they have allowed to be sold to the continent without, as I understood, having bred but very few mares to him. This horse bears all the marks of the pure Arabian,—a high racing form, silky hair, and legs that look as clean and flinty as those of the deer, with the finest game head, terminated by a small muzzle, containing nostrils, which when distended you might thrust your fist in. The passion in England for breeding slapping colts to run in their 2 and 3 year old stakes and carry high weights completely puts this noble horse under the ban. They will probably have occasion to regret his loss.

They breed for speed and ability to carry high weights at an early age for short distances; and many of them acknowledge their error, and admit they may ere long have to come to our country for hard bottomed horses. But they say they cannot give up their sweepstakes, and must continue in the error, if it be one, until their distances and weights are changed, and heats become the fashion. Their system of raising their colts, too, is almost as forcing as the system which one of our farmers would apply to the raising of a Durham bull—rich pasture, and for the foals oats and carrots mixed, as much as they will eat three times a day. Their mares do not look larger than ours in the general, and I did not see in all England a mare which, to my eye, would compare with old *Lady Lightfoot*, *Trifle*, or *Lady Cliffden*, for blood-like appearance, ample room for the lungs, and beautiful and justly proportioned symmetry, which enabled them to move along with so much facility. There was one mare, *Fleur de Lis*, in the King's Stud, of immense size, and very just in her proportions, shewing all the game of the true race horse, which I certainly would have bought had I been an *English* breeder, at any reasonable price, for she seemed better adapted than any other mare to breed for the English race courses. This mare and *Nannine* were the two favorites in the King's Stud, and I am surprised she did not sell so high as some of the other mares. Nannine, the dam of *Glaucus*, by the way, is in size, color, make, and form, an exact match for the dam of Lady Cliffden. They are both sorrel, with the near hind foot white and a small star in the forehead, with an indenture or dimple in the buttocks, such as I do not recollect ever to have seen in any other horses. It was my partiality, perhaps, from this striking resemblance that induced me to point her out to our Minister to England as the most suitable mare for exportation to this country. Even in the King's Stud at Hampton Court there were several mares which an intelligent American breeder would not have received as a present and be compelled to pay their expenses to this country. At Doncaster I saw sold the produce of several of the large breeding studs in the contiguous counties—a few of them were good colts, many of them leggy, weedy animals, and more than half of them were so badly splented at one and two years old as to destroy their value. This splenting at this age unbroke I could not account for, and I could find no one who could, but there it seemed a matter of course, and nobody expressed surprise at it. It was new to me.

As soon as I can find leisure, I will furnish you with some extracts from my notes taken at the Doncaster races, when I witnessed the *Great St. Leger*. I find another American, who visited England during the past Summer, has derived a different impression with regard to the estimation in which the stallions are held in England which have come to this country; but I hear but one opinion, and that was that *Priam* was the only horse the loss of which is seriously regretted in that country. Some of the imported stallions, when bred to the right mares, like *Luzborough*, will no doubt improve our stock. He, I believe, is the only modern imported horse whose colts have been able to go the distance. Some others may injure our best stock materially. Yours truly, THOS. EMORY.

SUGGESTIONS TO BREEDERS AND TURFMEN.

ILLINOIS, Sept. 25th, 1837.

DEAR P.—I see that by most of the writers in your valuable "Spirit," it is laid down as a maxim that SPEED IS BOTTOM. Now what can be more fallacious? Who would have called *Arietta* "a bottom nag," and what horse, mare, or gelding, possessed speed equal to her's?

I can name many more very speedy racers that had but little pretensions to bottom, viz.:—Fox, Sir Lovel, Clara Howard, Linnet, Lilac, Angora, Floranthe, Tempest, Polly Jones, Ripley, imported Flatterer, Langford, and others, together with a host of mile, half-mile, and quarter horses.

On the other hand, look at such racers as Black Maria, Trifle, Andrew, Mingo, Eclipse, Post Boy, Henry Archie, a horse not celebrated for speed, but of untiring bottom, Ariel, Betsey Ransom, Leopold, Fanny Wyatt, Medoc, O'Kelly, and a hundred other good, solid, compact FOUR MILERS, who could not contend successfully at short distances with such flyers as Arietta, Flatterer, Floranthe, &c.

Is there not in the United States, as in England, too great a fondness (if not a *mania*) for breeding speedy sweepstake colts, which are entered at enormous prices, and are now engrossing the principal interest of our races? I believe this to be the fact. And in pursuing this course, we will soon reduce our hard-bottomed stock to weak, leggy, one or two milers, and be *forced* (as in England) to turn our attention to the running of single heats at short distances.

Four mile heats are very unpopular in England (for the best of reasons), and judging as far as the get of the recently imported stallions have been tried, I fear we shall soon be in the same predicament. As examples, I would mention the get of *Barefoot* and *Leviathan*—the *distance* does not appear to be in them.

I hold that the race horse, as well as any other description of horse, is for the use of *man*, and *not exclusively* for the *use of boys*, which is the case with the present system of racing. It is my conviction that the proper weight for an aged horse is 140 lbs. (to be properly graduated down to a 5 or 4 year old). And a horse (as was the case with the old Plate horses in England) that could perform four mile heats under such weight in eight minutes, would be capable of sustaining a large day, week, or month's work, and would be equal to any business to which this indispensable animal is applied. However, the rage for *light weights* and *heavy sweepstakes*, like the "paper and credit system," is likely to make a nation of gamblers of us. And as long as these rages burn, we shall never have *heavy weights* on our horses, or *heavy money* in our pockets. (Here, by way of an offset to Pete Whetstone, I might introduce "a right smart chance" of politics; but having a fear of injuring your paper *before my eyes*, and a good feeling for you *in my heart*, I will not give you even "a small sprinkling." Tell Pete if such are his feelings for you and yours to do likewise. Also tell Pete that next Fall, "the Lord willing," as the preachers say, I shall be at the "Rock,"—that I will not run against the *Bussing Coon*, for I don't deal in that "sort of spun truck," but the way I will make the conqueror of *Sir William* "see sights," as the Kentuckians say, "will be queer.") "Oh I grieve" (not so much for the good old times of Adam and Eve as) for the good old horses, such as *Shark*, "the little grey horse" *Gimcrack*, and others, who could carry 140 lbs., and make good time too.

But for the breeder to look at this subject with a single eye to dollars and cents as a matter of gain—what sort of cattle would the best compensate him for his time, care, and expense in rearing when taken to market? Certainly it would not be your narrow-chested, leggy, weak, bellows-blowing, *one* or *two mile* sort.—No; it would be the hardy *four milers*, capable of running 4 mile heats in 8 minutes, with 140 lbs. on their backs. But some may ask, how are we to attain this object, as it is generally conceded that race horses have degenerated since olden times?

I must beg leave to differ with this general opinion, and assert that the race horse has *not* degenerated, only as he has been bred for speed and not for bottom. It was an old truism in England, that eight minutes, with 140 lbs., would win plates,—and as a case in point in modern racing, I would mention the performance of imported *Tranby*, viz., 4 miles in eight minutes, carrying 158 lbs. (and still made a sorry appearance with the flyaways of his day at short distances.) I have no doubt but we have some horses in the United States that are adequate to such a task, and I believe it is within the compass of *Mingo's* powers. Could the thing be tested, I would back my opinion on him. However, let this be as it may, we have one horse in the United States that has more than done it, and that horse is *Tranby*.

In order to accomplish the object, we must breed out of deep chested, strong, short backed, and sound limbed mares, from *known* good bottomed 4 mile horses of *substance*, who have "trained on" to a good age without defect of wind or limb, such, for instance, as Tranby, Eclipse, Henry Archie, Mingo, &c., and the result would be (in case they were not trained until 5 years old,) a race of horses every way suitable to the various wants of man, with strong compact forms, and limbs capable of the greatest endurance.

I have heard it argued, that with the rates of 140 lbs. to aged horses, but few would be capable of running more than one season before their limbs would be ruined. Not so; it is the flight of speed that breaks down horses more than weight. And limbs that do give way at all, generally give way when the horse is young, and before heavy weight is put on him, and perhaps in nine cases out of ten (while in training), during a severe brush with a boy of the lightest weight that could possibly manage the animal.—As instances, I will name *O'Kelly* and *Bill Austin*.

In the get of the old imported stallions we had no difficulty with the failure of limbs. I never saw the get of Gabriel Oscar, Expedition, Grey Highlander, Slender, First Consul, or Messenger, break down. You might race this old stock until they were wane in years, and their legs would be as fine as in their colt-hood.

A very serious objection to light weights is, that in such cases almost all the horses must be ridden by *boys*. And although boys will do well enough to ride in exercise, how different is it with them when put up before many thousand spectators. Here you find them entirely out of place. And I would ask, what turfman is there who has not met with severe disappointment and mortification in seeing the powers of his horse thrown away by the improper riding of his boy, when, had there been an older head to have restrained and properly husbanded his strength until the proper time in the race, would have made him the winner? It is in such cases that we become almost disgusted with the turf, and would not a resort to heavy weights greatly lessen this evil, and secure the race to the better horse?

Yours, &c. EXPEDITION.

PETE WHETSTONE AT A FARO BANK.

DEVIL'S FORK OF LITTLE RED, (Arkansas) Jan. 8, 1837.

My Dear Mr. Editor.—This is the 8th of January—a day that wont be forgot soon, I tell you. Maybe Old Hickory didn't give the British the hot end of the poker. He was jest the chap what could do it; and tho' he aint great at cyphering, when it comes to hard fighting, he was always there. If Pete's prayers could give him many years of quiet enjoyment, he would have them, for Pete always stuck to Old Hickory like a brother.

Well, I never told you about a little circumstance at the Rock. One night I was asked out to a wine party;—well I went. I found lots of fellows; they were all standing round a table, on which were placed long black bottles with lead on the top of them, and great long glasses, something like a wine glass—but they warnt wine glasses neither. Says one gentleman, "Col. WHETSTONE, the pleasure of a glass with you;" "My compliments to you," says I, and at that he pulls out a long cork. I tell you, it went like *Dry Bones* pulling his foot out of a mud hole. He filled up my glass; I swallowed it. "Very good cider," says I; at that they commenced tittering. "Another glass with you, Col. Whetstone;"—"I don't care if I do," says I, for I was always fond of cider. At that one whispered "be careful Pete, for that is *sham pain*." "What!" says I, "sham pain," says he. "I reckon I knows cider," says I, and presently they commenced singing and telling stories. Give us "*Mr. Beeswax*," says one—"yes, Mr. Beeswax," says another—and we got Mr. Beeswax. It is a great story. I tell you that cider begin to work on me, and the way I felt sorter big was nothing to nobody; I just thought I could thrash an old *he*, fist and scull; I tell you the company begin to get mighty mouthy: one fellow was spouting some sorter strange language.—"What's that fellow saying!" says I: "Oh, he is talking Latin," says another: "Damn Latin," says I: "What do you mean!" says he, looking fierce as a wild cat grinning out of a black Jack—"I mean," says I, "that you had better neck your bullits, for that are chat you are spitting out all comes in one piece." At that one gentleman sees my veins rising, and he knew it was time to interfere, so he steps in between us. "Come, gentlemen," says he, "one more glass, and let us go and '*fight the tiger*:'"—"Fight the tiger!" says I—"If I cant thrash the ticks off the tiger, or any other varmint, my name aint Pete Whetstone.—Go it, my Devil Forks!" says I. Well, out we put, and at length came to a room—"Now," says one, "I'll shew you the tiger." In we went.—Well, what do you suppose they meant by the Tiger? why it was a '*Faro Bank*' on one side, and a 'Roll the Bones, and fair play,' on the other. The way they were going was a sin to Moses. "Bar Hock," says one fellow, "and I'll go it"—"Cant do it," said a queer looking genius, who was sitting bent like a keg hoop drawing cards out of a little silver box. "Has that man got the *cramp cholic*?" says I—"No," says one, "it is a natural way he has," and adding in a whisper "that aint the side of the table that is subject to the *cramp*." The way they did pile up the '*bones*' was awful, and they were the *pure ivory*, none of your *beef bones*. I looked on awhile. It did seem a mighty nice game. Thinks I, I will risk just one dollar; so I pulls out a shin plaster and pokes her quietly, right flat-footed, on the ace. I watched her, I tell you: presently my heart begin to sorter beat quick: at last up she comes, and I won her; I sorter reached over to grab her, when one fellow said, "Col. Whetstone, the ace is a popper, let your bet sweat:" I'll take a fool's advice, thinks I: the next time up comes the ace: "I'll take them four dollars." Says I, "Mister, will you take something to drink!" "No, I thank you, sir," says he, "but I would like to borrow a $5 till morning, and upon the honor of a gentleman, I'll pay in the morning." Well, I pulled her out and give it to him. I tell you a gentleman's honor at a Faro Bank comes up missing sometimes—*I never got my* FIVE!

I walks around where a fellow was rolling a little marble in a wheel.—"27 Black," says he:—"Roll your bones," says a fellow who was "going it blind" agin him. I slips *a quarter* on the red—the little old wheel stopped—"single O by chance," says he, and at that he just swept the platter. I slips *a half* on the red—agin he whirled his wheel—up it comes—"double O" *by chance*. I tell you I begin to feel stuck, but laid up a dollar this time. He whirled agin—up she came—"Eagle," *by chance*, and he scratched over and raked off the whole pile. This raised my dander. "Mister," says I, "if you fling another O, I'll fling you, and if you fling *a buzzard*, I'll pitch you out of this window!" "'Pon my honor," says he, "it is all accident—them things will happen sometimes, gentlemen; I know I have a bad game for myself: why, at Orleans, one man won $18000 in one night playing against the game:—will you drink something, gentlemen—brandy, choice whisky, wine—some fine cigars." "Look here, Mister," says I, "bring in your cider in long bottles with lead corks, and I'll try some." "Jerry," says he, "tell Mr. Johnson to send me a couple bottles of the "Fly brand;" right at that, some one tapped me on the shoulder—"Pete," says he, "*beware*—give me your pocket-book." I did so, and told him Pete was wide awake.—Well, the way they were going it was funny. "Damn that *coleu nine*," says a little fellow, that looked as if he was smelling something that warnt a rose. "She flung me for a pile." "I touched them that time," said a fellow with a frosty head:—"Give us your bone on that—Dr. —— always said I played them higher than any living man!"

"Tom, cant you give us "*All around my hat*?"—"Yes."

Young men they are so preciously deceiving,
Coaxing on the young gals, and leading them astray,
And when they deceives them, they runs away
And leaves them,
And it is all around my hat, and
I vears a green villow, all around my hat,
For a twelve month and a day.

"G—d damn your *hat*, Tom; how do you think I can keep the cases when you are keeping such a d—d noise?—where is my *bowyer?* Derringers for two!" "Last deal, gentlemen," said the crooked fellow that was pulling them out—"you must play the cases high to get out—crackers and gals at eleven—stewed fawn at ten."

"The 'Fly brand' is coming—where is Col. Whetstone?" "I am here," says I. "Come, Tom, let us give this fellow's cider Hell;" "Certainly, friend," says he: "Shut the doors! there is a pocket-book lost." "I reckon, Tom," says I, "there is a heap of pocket books what is lost their bowels."—"You are right," says he. "Mighty good cider," says I, as I took the third gloss of the '*Fly brand*.' Tom whispered to me. "Never mind," says I—"fool Pete if they can." "Come up, gentlemen—now is the chance to get back your losings—the more money you lay down the less you will take up," cried the fellow as he brought a whirl with his wheel: "Col, Whetstone," says he, "I'd rather you wouldent bet. I don't like the looks of your eye, but if you see something, say nothing!"—"Look here, Mister, none of your coming over me in that are style; I likes your cider mightily, but d—n me if I like your game." At that I left him. "How did you come out, Bill?"—"I had her up to 195, was playing for the 200—she went—such a deal you never saw—three double cards and the cat hop all won. The *Gos* seven—Mulberry eight, and *Spanker* nine, all lost their cases. D—n old asy's soul, I'll never bet another dollar agin him as long as I live"

"Oh, Miss Sa-l-l-y, you cant guess what I have got in my pocket, and it is in my jacket pocket too?" "Cake?"—"no." "Candy?"—"no." "Oh, it is a knife"—"no, it aint a knife neither, it is a rac—" "Come, Pete, let us go"—"agreed," says I, "for the "Fly brand" was dying in me and I begin to feel like a wet dog so home I went, and right to bed. Such dreams, oh, lordy; I thought I was a fighting an old *he*, and that he smashed my dogs right and left—but no more.

Ever yours, PETE WHETSTONE.

FOX HUNTING.

Mr. Editor,— WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 1, 1838.

The manly and maddening sport of Fox-hunting is still carried on here, but not on so large a scale as in times past. There is, however, much of the old leaven left among us, for who that has heard a first *tallyho!* and the musical burst which has followed, and does not wish to hear and see the like again. Mr. C——, of the city, owns and hunts ten couple of as staunch hounds as can be found in this country, and no horseman rides more gallantly to them, than their spirited owner. The select pack has already killed twenty foxes, and all in quick time, except the last. With permission, I will give you a sketch of that run.

At 11 o'clock on Thursday, the pack was thrown off at the training stables, north of the City race course, in the presence of a small field of horsemen. A gallant red fox was soon found, which, after a few doubles in the covers on Rock Creek, broke and went away to the east, passing north of Petworth, Queen's Chapple, to the Baltimore and Washington Rail Road, which he crossed, and made the pine covers and hills that overlook the Annacosta River, at the Red Banks. Here he doubled for some time, and having gained distance, he broke cover again and ran to the turnpike gate, at the north-east corner of the city, where, being headed, he went to the Annacosta bridge. From this point he ran nearly north for at least ten miles, re-crossing the rail road, and crossing the north-west branch, west of Bladensburg, on he went to the broken grounds below the burnt mills. Re-crossing the north-west branch, he doubled west, and soon after to the south, passing Green hill, the seat of Mrs. D——: again crossing the rail road, he made good the pine covers to the Annacosta. It was now evident the pack would kill their fox, if he again broke cover. The dashing young hounds who carried the chase and cut out the work in the early part of the day, began to tail, and were replaced by the staunch old ones. It was most cheering to see these veterans of the hunt sticking close to the trail, and giving their musical chaunts with the regularity of a finely arranged orchestra. But let me cast back and recover the chase. The fox being hard pressed, broke from cover, and re-crossing the railroad, the Washington train of cars passing between him and his pursuers, caused a check, and enabled him to stand up three minutes longer. He was run to and killed in the old Bladensburg road, after a chase of six hours. The wind all the time at north-east, and of course a bad scenting day. S.

SHOOTING AND ANGLING DOWN EAST.

BRIDGEPORT (Conn.) Feb., 1838.

Dear Sir,—Should your labors permit, the coming summer, I hope you will visit this place; for he who is a server up of the *bon morceaux* to others, must have a relish for the good things himself. It may be you are a Sportsman—if so, Stratford meadows, in the season, afford excellent Plover and Snipe shooting, including the English and Frost Snipe, and the swamps abound with Cock, of most tempting flavor—fat enough to please the palate of the most inveterate gourmand. Should you have a penchant for the "gentle art," you will find the Pequonnock river well stocked with Salmon Trout, in proof of which, last season, I took from a boat, with live bait, sixteen, varying from one to 3lbs., in little more than one hour, in the upper pond of the "Pequonnock Manufacturing Company."

By the bye, should you be induced to come this way, do not forget to inquire for *A Goodman*, and sterling landlord—a most charming caterer of the *bon bouche*, and, if desired, he will directly lead you to the place where a speckled one will wont to ruminate. Yours respectfully, B

SOMETHING CRACK FROM "JUAN."

BARKING SQUIRRELS.

"Spry feeding them pheasants, particklar spry it can't be negated," said a Bostonian, a regular sample of the 'long-shore-sort, with whom I was lately dining company; "but in regard of the gunnery, almighty slow fowl: never yet see a feather fit to approach within immortal degrees of 'em. For that matter you have no fowling in England: come to Massachusetts for that, and you'll find it as long as yours as the eternal created Universe is to a dream of a shadow of smoke. Prime till the final finish of everlasting life at all the game and wild-fowl hatched since the plantation of Paradise, and how much would you know about barking squirrels?"

This certainly was a poser; none of the party had ever heard of the race of fat tail bow-wows, and but that the gentleman from the New World had amused us a half hour before dinner by sketching the latest fashions in duelling that have been introduced into that interesting country, some of us would have asked probably for intelligence upon that head.

Touching the monomachy, the most recent improvement in that diversion as performed by pistol (rifles at twelve 'paces are considered "effunctifiedly slow," that is, for the *dramatis personæ* to repair to the scene appointed for the spectacle, each arrayed in a suit of grave clothes of the best Scotch cambric, nightcaps to match, and provided with a napkin in case of any external hemorrhage. Thither their friends have already proceeded, carrying with them the respective coffins provided for the entertainment. These are placed upright, on their nether ends, facing each other, having a space of about fourteen inches between. As soon as the actors come on, they examine these perpendicular conveniences, and reading their names thereon, and the date of their departure from this life, of course have no difficulty in selecting. Entering each his appropriate box, and placing his "flute" to the left breast of his *vis-a-vis*, at a given signal they change the perpendicular for the horizontal with the greatest ease imaginable. These are called "Boston breezes," and certainly are characteristic of an awkward coast when it blows hard.

But to return to our other shooting. Seeing that his barking squirrels produced a silence which nobody seemed disposed to break, the Bostonian pursued his subject. "Can't surmount the mystery that makes an Englisher swivel a bushel of grape into a jack snipe, and squash him up like a handful o' sausage stuffing. Turning poultry butcher is pretty d——n considerable unlike a gentleman, I speculate. Picking off a wild turkey or a canvas back with a single ball may pass muster, but the only sterling, genuine, genteel game is barking squirrels."

"But as we have no game of that sort in this country," I ventured to suggest—"as there are *no* barking squirrels in England, what is to become of a man who wishes to do the thing genteely?"

The face that the 'long-shore gentleman assumed as he took breath after this interrogatory would have astonished all Bartlemy Fair. "Tip us the ha'pence out of *that*," came in recitative through his nose; "oh! Lord, hand over the change, and we'll cut before the sky falls. Natarnal life! but that flagetates! Let go my hair!—here's a chap as grow'd in a comet; wonder what it cost his father for his schooling!"

"Sir," said I, with a most reverential air, for as to being out of temper with the blockhead, one would have thought as soon of being offended with a clown paid for making an ass of himself: "I trust you will pardon the ignorance which arises solely from my never having had the good fortune to cross the Atlantic. You American gentlemen (with due emphasis) have *so* much the advantage of us poor Islanders: may I crave an explanation of this difficulty, which I confess myself quite unable to unravel?"

"Oh," said he of Boston, "if you draw it from that tap I'm conformable to compassionate you; but what an omnipotent ignominy it is to a Christian land to find a fellow creature in such a state of awful obscubilation! Well, if you must be told it at your time of life, barking squirrels aint them animals a making a nat'ral shindy, which you appear to imaginate from your inquiry, but it significates the way in which they are captivated in Ameriky by gentlemen gunners. The scum shoots 'em pretty much as you would, but the genteel practice is to game for them with a rifle. As soon as one is twigged asetting on a branch taking it easy, the gent levels at that part of the trunk directly behind the beast. The ball strips the bark violently from the tree, dashes it like a slip of a thunderbolt right slick agin him, and down he drops effuncted by the decortication, but no more the worse to the eye of the spectator than if he had died nat'rally of his-self jist for the purpose of obleeging him. This is what we call 'barking squirrels,' and aint it a more genteel style of gunning than that which brings the game to bag half digested, like the internals of a Scotch haggis!"

London (Old) Sporting Mag. for Dec., 1837.

The Boston Morning Post says—We understand that the reason that Johnson and Andrews do not join in the choruses, in *La Bayadere*, is because their mothers want them to come home early. "Old Flannel" always was a tender plant.

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.

THE following Sweepstakes are open for RUNNING HORSES, to come off over this course on Thursday, 19th April next.

1. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds and under that never won a purse, sub. $50, P.P., with a purse of $200 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats; to name and close on or before the 1st April; 3 or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes free for all ages, sub. $50, P.P., with a purse of $200 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats. To name and close on or before the 1st April; 3 or more to make a race.

Nominations to the above stakes must be made in writing, and deposited with John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I., or with the subscriber. The Rules of the Union Course to govern.

A Sweepstakes for mules also is to come off over the same course, of which the particulars will be announced hereafter.

Centreville, L. I., Feb. 1, 1838. [F3-t1A] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

EAGLE COURSE—TRENTON, N. J.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES are to come off at the first Spring meeting, commencing on Tuesday, April 24, 1838.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500, ft. $200, Mile heats. To name and close 1st March; 3 or more to make a race.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200, ft. $50, Mile heats. To name and close as above; 4 or more to make a race.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, sub. $100, ft. $50, and $200 added by the proprietors, Two miles out. To name and close as above; 4 or more to make a race.

PURSES.

First Day—Mile heats, for all ages,	$200
Second Day—Two mile heats, for all ages	300
Third Day—Three mile heats, for all ages	500

The Four mile race will be deferred until the Second Spring meeting.

[F3-tf.] O. BAILEY, *Secretary.*

KENDALL COURSE, MARYLAND.

THE SPRING MEETING of 1838 will take place over this course the Second Tuesday, 8th May. The following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over this course, spring of 1838.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, then 3 years old, sub. $300 each, $100 ft.; Mile heat To close 1st March. Now six subs.

Richard N. Snowden, of Maryland.	James M. Selden, of Maryland.
Edmund Townes, of North Carolina.	William Wynn, of Virginia.
James S. Garrison, of Virginia.	David Toms, of Pennsylvania.

Several other entries promised.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies then 3 years old, Mile heats; sub. $100, h. ft.; 3 or more to make a race; to name and close 1st March.

A Sweepstakes for colts and fillies, dropped spring 1837, to run spring 1840; Mile heats; sub. $300, ft. $100; to close 1st June next. Now 9 subs. and many others promised, which will make this a very interesting race.

Hector Bell, of Virginia.	Wm. R. Johnson, of Virginia.
George L. Stockett, of Maryland.	Charles Green, of New York.
Edmund Townes, of North Carolina.	John Heth, of Virginia.
James B. Kendall, of Maryland.	Thos. Emory, of Maryland.
John L. Baltzer, of Washington city.	

The following stakes is also proposed by particular desire of a number of friends to the turf, as likely to be a very interesting stake.

A sweepstakes for 4 year olds, to run spring meeting, 1838, Two mile heats, sub. $300, ft. $100; 3 or more to make a race, to name and close 1st April.

Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes will please address the Proprietor at Baltimore.

As the result of the last fall races has clearly demonstrated that the Maryland stock of horses is equal to any other—none of the purses will be confined to Maryland bred horses, but free for all, unless positively objected to by the Club.

[J13) JAMES B. KENDALL *Proprietor of the Kendall Course, near Baltimore.*

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE, L. I.

THE FOLLOWING TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES are open to come off the First week in May, and to close on Saturday, 17th March.

1. A Sweepstakes, free for all Trotting Horses, sub. $1000, h. ft., with $200 added by the proprietor, Three mile heats, under the Saddle.

2. A Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the Proprietor, Two mile heats, in Harness; three or more to make a race.

3. A Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses that never won a purse over $50, sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats, under the Saddle; three or more to make a race.

4. A Sweepstakes, free for all horses that never trotted for money, sub. $50, h. ft., with $50 added by the proprietor, Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

The sums added to the above Stakes by the proprietor, will not be paid unless more than one horse starts.

The regular Spring meeting will commence about the middle of May. The amount of purses, distances, &c., will be given in a future number.

The above Stakes will be close l at 9 o'clock in the evening of Saturday, the 17th March next. Nominations to be made in writing and deposited at Randel Smith's Hotel, Park Row, New York, 2d door above the Park Theatre. Description, color, and name of the horse to be stated and enclosed in the nomination.

Centreville, Feb. 1, 1838. [F3-t17m] JOEL CONKLIN, *Proprietor.*

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER THE ECLIPSE COURSE, will commence on the First Tuesday, 3d day of April, 1838.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $1000, Two mile heats; five subs. and closed.

W. J. Minor,	Mumford Wells,	Col. A. L. Bingaman.
F. Duplantier,	Jas. S. Garrison,	

Second Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, $200 to the second best horse provided more than two start: Two mile heats.

Third Day—New Orleans Plate, consisting of a Splendid Tea Service of Silver, value $1000, Two mile heats; 5 year olds and over to carry 100lbs., 4 year olds and under, their appropriate weights.

Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1500, $300 to the second best horse, provided more than two start; Three mile heats.

Fifth Day—Jockey Club Purse $2500, $500 to the second best horse, provided more than two start: Four mile heats.

Sixth Day—Purse $700, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

On the Friday previous to the meeting a match race will come off, for $2000 a-side, Three mile heats, between

Mr. J. F. Miller's Lady of the Lake, and
Major Snegog's Longitude.

The track is in the best condition. Additional stands are now erecting, capable of containing from 6 to 10,000 persons. Stables for any number of race horses furnished gratis.

[F10] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

WESTERN COURSE—COLUMBUS, Ga.

THE Races over the above course will commence on Tuesday, 27th Feb. next, when the following purses will be offered:—

First day—Mile heats, Purse	$300
Second day—Two mile heats	500
Third day—Three mile heats	700
Fourth day—Four mile heats	1000
Fifth day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5	400

On the day preceding the regular races there will be run a Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Nine subs. and closed

[J6] M. W. THWEATT, *Sec'y.*

MACON (Ga.) SPRING RACES.

THE Annual Spring Races over the Central Course, will commence on 3d Tuesday, 20th March, when the following purses will be offered:—

First Day—Purse $250, Mile heats.
Second Day—Purse $350, Two mile heats.
Third Day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Fourth Day—Purse $750, Four mile heats.
Fifth Day—Purse $300, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Weights agreeable to the Rules of the track.

Macon, Ga., Jan. 10, 1838. [J27-4t] MUSTIAN & MOTT.

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring meeting of 1838, out of mares that never won a race, nor produced a winner; Mile heats; ent. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs., and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for "Honest Countrymen," who are "kept out of play" generally, by the "high trump." Now 10 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring, 1838; Mile heats. Ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 6 subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Spring of 1839, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100; 4 or more to make a race. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1838, Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837; Mile heats; ent. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs.

A Post Stake for 3 year olds, for the Fall meeting; sub. $200, P.P.

Also, same time, a Stake for 2 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., One mile out. Now 2 subs.

[d23-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—St. LOUIS, Mo.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Sulphur Springs Course, St. Louis, Mo.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 4 subs.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1838, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st March, 1838. Now 3 subs.

3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, ft. $100, Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 4 subs.

4. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $500, h. ft., Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.

5. Sweepstakes for 4 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $300, h. ft., Three mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 3 subs.

6. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, Fall meeting, 1838, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats. To name and close 1st Aug. 1838. Now 5 subs.

7. Produce Stakes for then 2 year olds, to be run Fall meeting, 1840, sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats. To name and close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 18 subs.

St. Louis, (Mo.) Nov. 1837. [d2] P. C. BUSH. *Proprietor.*

FISHING TACKLE.

ANGLERS will find a good assortment of articles in this line, at J. CONROY'S Fishing Tackle Store, 52 Fulton, corner of Cliff-street. Rods and reels repaired. [Jul.]

VALUABLE BLOODED STOCK FOR SALE.

I SHALL offer for sale at public auction, the second day of the Newmarket Spring Races, 1838, four *good ones*, viz.:

1. *Tornado*, s. c. foaled 4th April, 1834, by Am. Eclipse, out of Theresa by Arab.
2. *Nancy Bell*, b. f. foaled 14th June, 1834, by Imp. Fylde, out of Georgiana by Napoleon.
3. *Lizette*, b. f. foaled 9th May, 1835, by Imp. Fylde, out of Theresa by Arab.
4. *Matoaca*, b. f. foaled 3d June, 1835, by Imp. Fylde, out of Georgiana by Napoleon.

These nags were all bred by myself, and are fine stout animals, and extremely likely, without blemish. The first two were trained last Fall—Nancy Bell won her stake at Tree Hill, beating Capt. Heth's Greybeard filly. She ran the week after, but was amiss, and was beaten. Tornado was trained also in the Spring, but was amiss, and did not start. He was also amiss in the Fall, but started twice—at Newmarket, two miles out, where he ran second to the winner, Mr. Hare's Charles colt, time not reported—and at Warrenton, when he ran second to the winner, Mary Lyle, almost locked, two mile heats, both heats 3:55, an excellent race.

Lizette is engaged in a Sweepstakes, next Spring, at Bellfield, 8 or 10 subs.; entrance $100. I shall also enter her at Fairfield, where there will be about the same number of subs., ent. $150, ft. $100.

Matoaca is entered at Lawrenceville, 5 subs., ent. $100, ft. $50, and I shall enter her in another stake.

All these nags will be trained this Spring, at Bellfield, and will run at Lawrenceville, Bellfield, and Newmarket, and may be seen by any one at Bellfield, before they leave there for the first race.

I wish to sell them because I am no racer, and my stock is too large.

As Georgiana is the progenitor of them all, Theresa being out of her, I subjoin her pedigree in full, which will suffice for the others. She was got by Drummond's Napoleon, (one of the best sons of Sir Archy), out of Major Phil. Claiborne's Old Poll, (dam also of Carolinian, Boxer, Theseus, Tyro, and Lady Randolph,) by Symm's Wild air—Americus—Imp. Janus—Old Partner—Jolly Roger—out of the Imp. mare Kitty Fisher.

Druid, and Symm's Wildair are too well known to need anything being said of them here—so of Janus and Jolly Roger, and also the old mare Kitty Fisher.

Americus was foaled in 1790, [The manuscript from which I take this is so illegible that I cannot say exactly whether it is 1770 or 1790,] and was bred by Gen. Nelson. Got by Fearnaught, out of Imp. mare Blossom, by the celebrated King's Plate horse Sloe—Blossom was also the dam of Gen. Nelson's two celebrated horses, Rockingham and Sloe, by Old Partner.

Old Partner was foaled in 1775, by Master's Fardler, out of Col. Tasker's Imp. mare Selina, by the Godolphin Arabian, and was the last son of his sire—he the best son of O'Kelly's Eclipse, &c.

Napoleon, by Sir Archy, out of a Sir Harry mare—Dare Devil—Batte & Maclin's Fearnought—Janus, &c.

Arab was by Sir Archy, dam by Sir Harry, &c. His full pedigree can be found in any of the Stud Books; I have it not by me.

It will be seen that they are more nearly connected with the Old Virginia Stock than any—Georgiana was dropped by her dam when she was 22 years old, and her dam was foaled when the Wildair mare was very old.

This stock of horses has been confined to the counties of Greensville and Brunswick from the time of old Jolly Roger down to this time, and for the last 80 years have been the property of but three persons, viz.: the late Mr. Symms, the late Major Phil. Claiborne, and myself.

I will treat for them pr vately, but if not sold before, they will be offered at public sale as above stated. I train them for no other reason than to show what they are, knowing them myself to be good ones. Tornado is 5 feet 2½ inches; Nancy Bell 5 feet 1½ inches; Lizette 5 feet 1½ inches; and Matoaca 5 feet ½ inch. Four better nags, from two mares, in two successive years, are not to be found. My address is Lawrenceville, Brunswick Co., Va.

EDW. B. HICKS.

P.S. I have others of the same stock I will sell, viz.: s. m. *Lethe*, by Merlin, out of Theresa, and a yearling f. by Shakspeare, out of the same; or either of the old mares, both in foal to Emancipation. [J27-tf1a] E. B. H.

BROOD MARES, AND FOALS OF 1837.

THE following Brood Mares, and Foals of 1837, are for Private Sale, by Messrs. TATTERSALL.—To be seen at Dawley Farm, near Hayes, Middlesex.

CARE, foaled in 1825, by Woful, out of Camarine and Phosphorus's (winner of the Derby) dam, by Rubens, out of Tippitywitchet by Waxy (winner of the Derby)—Hare by Sweetbriar—Justice—Chymist—South, &c.; not in foal, to be covered by Bay Middleton.

CONCILIATION, foaled in 1825, by Moses (winner of the Derby), her dam, The Duchess, by Cardinal York—Miss Nancy by Beningbrough (winner of the St. Leger): in foal to Velocipede, and will be covered again by Bay Middleton.

CODICIL, dam of Heiress, by Sinolensko (winner of the Derby), out of Legacy by Beningbrough (winner of the St. Leger); in foal to Camel. A 2 year old filly out of Codicil, was sold at the late Sir M. Wood's sale for 500gs.

CROTCHET, foaled in 1832, by Roller, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules) by Wanderer—Alexander—Sir Peter, &c.; in foal to Claucus (both untried).

CUIRASS, foaled in 1823, by Oiseau (the dam of Elk, Eel, Elm, Emu, &c.) out of Castanea by Gohanna (the dam of Canteen, Cant, &c.); in foal to Plenipotentiary; horse untried.

DELPHINE, by Whisker, dam, My Lady, by Comus, out of The Colonel's dam, &c.; not in foal, will go to Plenipotentiary or Bay Middleton.

DONNA MARIA, foaled in 1824, by Partisan, out of Donna Clara, by Cesario, her dam, Nimble by Florizel—Blank, &c.; in foal to Buzzard. This mare beat Mameluke and Glenartney for the Riddlesworth, but the race was given to Glenartney, the 2d horse, Donna, by mistake, having carried 3lbs. too little.

EMMELINA, foaled in 1825, the dam of Hock, by Blacklock, out of Agatha by Orville—Star—Young Marske—Telemachus—Regulus; in foal to Glaucus; horse untried.

GRISI, foaled in 1833, by Emilius (winner of the Derby), out of Bravura, the dam of Kate Kearney; not covered in 1837.

HECUBA, foaled in 1834, by Priam, dam by Woful, out of Allegretta by Trumpator; in foal to Glaucus; both untried.

JENNY MILLS, foaled in 1825, by Whisker (winner of the Derby), dam by Cerberus (the dam of Lady de Gros, Hornsea, &c.) her dam, Miss Cranfield by Sir Peter—Pegasus, &c.; in foal to Muley Moloch; horse untried.

JEWESS, foaled in 1827, by Moses (winner of the Derby) out of Calendulæ (the dam of Burgundy, &c.) by Camerton; in foal to Plenipotentiary; horse untried.

MANDOLINE, by Waxy, out of Pennytrumpet by Trumpator—Young Camilla by Woodpecker; in foal to Glaucus; horse untried.

MINNOW, foaled in 1825, by Filho da Puta, out of Marvinia by Walton, her dam, Phantasmagoria by Precipitate, out of Cerberus's dam by Herod, &c.; in foal to Glaucus; both untried.

PLEDGE, foaled in 1826 by Filho da Puta, out of Deposit's dam by Comus—Sister to Zodiac by St. George—Abigail by Woodpecker; in foal to Glaucus; horse untried.

PRIMROSE, foaled in 1821, by Comus, out of Cowslip by Cockfighter, her dam, Brown Javelin by Javelin—Young Maiden, &c.; in foal to Recovery.

TRINKET, foaled in 1831, by Godolphin, out of Filagree by Soothsayer (the dam of Cobweb, Butterfly, Riddlesworth, &c.) her dam, Web (sister to Whalebone); in foal to Plenipotentiary; both untried.

TAGLIONI, foaled in 1833, by Camel, out of Romp by Selim—Remembrancer—Æther by Young Marske—sister to Fleacatcher; never been covered.

VARIELLA, foaled in 1829, sister to Voltaire, by Blacklock, dam by Phantom, her dam by Overton, out of Gratitude's dam by Walnut; in foal to The Colonel.

WISHFUL, by Walton, her dam by Beningbrough, out of Blacklock's dam; in foal to Glaucus.

ZULIMA, foaled in 1831, by Sultan, out of Emma (sister to Master Henry) by Orville; in foal to Bentley, by Buzzard, out of Miss Wentworth (the dam of Lady Sarah, Lady Elizabeth, &c.) both untried; her first foal.

Colt Foals of 1837.

Bay Colt by Fungus, or Saracen, out of Rubigo by Rubens.

Bay Colt by Recovery, out of The Nun by Blacklock—Whisker—Orville—Otterington's dam.

Chesnut Colt by Nonsense, out of Squib by Soothsayer, out of Berenice (the dam of Gaudy, Little Boy-blue, &c.); horse untried.

Brown Colt by Saracen, dam by Filho da Puta, out of Mervinia by Walton—Phantasmagoria by Precipitate, &c; mare untried.

Chesnut Colt by Belshazzar (by Blacklock, out of Manuella,) out of Crotchet by Roller, out of Peri (the dam of Sir Hercules) &c.; both untried.

Grey Colt by Glaucus, out of Grisi by Emilius, out of Bravura (the dam of Kate Kearney); both untried.

Bay Colt by Glencoe, or Glaucus, out of Victorine by Haphazzard—Precipitate, &c.; horses untried.

Brown Colt by The Saddler, out of Streamlet, by Tiresias; horse untried.

Filly Foals of 1837.

Chesnut Filly by Glencoe, out of Mandoline by Waxy, out of Pennytrumpet; horse untried.

Chesnut Filly by Recovery, out of Primrose; the sister to this filly has won.

☞ For further particulars, apply to Messrs. Tattersall, Hyde Park Corner, London; if by letter, post paid. [F10]

FINE BROOD MARE FOR SALE,

BY ECLIPSE, out of *Sally Sleach*, by Virginian, 6 years old this spring. She has fine size and action, and is remarkably handsome. Coming of the good old fashioned stout and lasting sort, with a pedigree second to none, a more desirable mare for the breeding stud is rarely to be purchased except at an enormous price. She will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately, and may be seen within a few hours' ride of this city. Apply to the editor of the Spirit of the Times, 157 Broadway. [A26]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, for horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorotive after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO THE FASHIONABLE AND SPORTING WORLD.

FOR DYING THE HAIR, from Grey or Red to a beautiful Black or Brown.—*Mohammed's Turkish Dye* is universally admitted to be the best article ever sent before the public. It is daily superseding every other preparation for the purpose, which is mostly composed of deleterious materials, and must eventually give way entirely to the Turkish Dye. Its operation is almost magical, being applied to the head at night before going to bed; on rising in the morning the transformation is complete. The skin meantime suffers no change, either from discolorment, eruption, roughness, or other cause—its use being attended with no inconvenience or ill consequences whatever.

Price $2. Sold wholesale and retail, by

[At12] H. C. HART, 173 Broadway, corner of Courtlandt-St.

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 36 Division St, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

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Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

FRENCH CORK-SOLED BOOTS.

EUGENE FERRIS, 44 Nassau-street, between Maiden-Lane and Liberty-street, invites public attention to his present extensive stock of Cork-Soled Boots, which will be found superior to any manufactured in this city. His attention to this branch of the business is unceasing, which has gained for him the most extensive trade in that line in this city. They are warranted to combine durability with comfort, and are recommended by gentlemen of the faculty, who are in the constant habit of using them for several years, as the best article for the preservation of health, and the comfort of those who may be affected with consumptive disease. He is constantly supplied with double-soled boots of a very superior quality. A splendid supply of French Patent Leather Dancing Pumps, Buffalo Sole Pumps, and every other article connected with the business. He requires but one trial to convince the public, that his boots, pumps, &c., are of the best description, and will give general satisfaction. [d23-tf.]

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS celebrated racer will stand the ensuing season at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, under the direction of F. W. Lacy, and be let to mares at $100 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence the 1st of February, and end the 15th of July. It is requested that persons sending mares will send their note for the season, and the pedigree of the mare. The proprietors are well furnished with lots and stables, for mares that may be sent to remain with the horse, and will be fed and well attended to for 50 cents per day. Black servants sent with mares fed gratis. Every care and attention will be taken to guard against accidents or escapes, but no liability will be incurred for either. The charge for keeping mares to be paid for before taken away.

DESCRIPTION.

John Bascombe is a light chesnut sorrel, 5 feet 8¼ inches high, fine bone and muscle, with superior limbs and action—for sprightliness and intelligence of countenance surpassed by no horse on earth. In fact, take him upon the whole, he is the horse of horses. The Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, bestowed peculiar gifts on such men as Washington, Cæsar, and Bonaparte, *as men*—he has done the same to Bascombe *as a horse*. He will be 7 years old the ensuing spring.

PEDIGREE.

John Bascombe was got by Old Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, he by Imp. Citizen, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. grandam by Wade Hampton's Paragon, g. g. grandam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. grandam the old Slamerkin mare, by the celebrated imported horse Wildair, out of the Imp. Cub Mare.

Wade Hampton's Paragon was got by Imp. Flimnap, out of Camilla by Burwell's Traveller, his grandam by Old Fearnought, g. grandam Calista, imported by Col. Bird.

Burwell's Traveller was got by Morton's Traveller, out of Col. Bird's Calista.

PERFORMANCES.

1834—Huntsville, Ala., Nov. 15, Mile heats, best 3 in 5, he ran 2d to Stockholder, beating Rachel Johnson, Whalebone, and Samuel O'Rourke. Time, 2:4—2:3—2:5—2:5—2:5.

1835—At Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 18, Three mile heats, he won the purse, distancing Samuel O'Rourke, his only competitor, the 1st heat, in 6:52.

At Mount Meigs, Ala., Nov. 24, Three mile heats, he ran 2d to Bill Austin, beating Daphne. Time, 6:00—6:03.

At Columbus, Ga., Dec. 10, Three mile heats, he beat Volney, by Industry. Time, 6:00. Volney broke down.

1836—At Augusta, Ga., Jan. 18, Three mile heats, he beat Chestatee, Ormond, Col. Towne's Truffle colt, and distanced Paul Clifford in the 1st, and Vertumnus in the 2d heat, in 5:54—5:56. Track heavy.

At Augusta, Ga., April 12, in a match, Four mile heats, he distanced Col. W. Hampton's Argyle the 1st heat, in 7:44. Track 33 feet over a mile. This match was for $32,000, $17,000 on Argyle, and $15,000 on Col. Crowell's stable, consisting of Bill Austin, Lady Nashville, John Bascombe, and Bolivia. Bascombe was selected

At the Union Course, L. I., May 31, (after travelling nine hundred miles,) in a match, Four mile heats, $5000 a-side, he beat the Champion of the North, the famed Post Boy, in 2 heats. Time, 7:49—7:51½. Track not in the best order, and the day windy.

At Augusta, Ga., Dec. 5, Four mile heats, he beat the gr. c. Kite, and Lady Morgan, in two heats. Time, 8:1—8:1.

John Bascombe never lost a heat after getting into the hands of Col. John Crowell, his present owner.

For the details of his performances, see *American Turf Register*, vol. vi. page 310, vol. vii. pages 236, 283, 328, 423, 489, 490, 544, 552, and 562. [d23] F. W. LACY.

SKYLARK,

WINNER OF FORTY TWO RACES, 24 of them King's Plates!—This unequalled four mile performer will stand the ensuing season at the stables of the subscriber, 2 miles from Nashville, at $100, payable on the 1st day of Jan. next, which may be discharged by the payment of $85 within the season, and $1 to the groom; insurance $125. The season will commence on the 1st Feb. and end on the 1st July next.

The Memoir of Skylark is published in the 8th volume of the Am. Turf Register, page 145, therefore only a few of the preminent facts will be given

He is a dark bay, with a strong rich coat; black legs, main and tail, without white; 15 hands 3 inches high; a full carcass, with broad and expanded ribs; limbs clean, hard and uninjured; a large hazel eye, clean head and muzzle; throttle, nostrils, and mouth, all indicating an easy breather;—the mouth is unusual for its depth. Indeed he is excellent in all the cardinal racing points. When we examine the size of his back bone, the extent and declivity of his Archie-like shoulder-blades, approximating the strongest framed hip-bones, our wonder at his ability to carry such high weights is diminished. He has descended from an ancestry, in every line and branch, celebrated for speed and game; his multiplied and brilliant performances are confirmations of the purity of descent, and the truth of the adage that "blood will tell," or that blood will find its level according to its purity.

Skylark, bred by Mr. Daxon, and foaled in 1826, was got by Waxy Pope, sometimes called Sligo Pope, winner of the Derby; his dam Skylark, (dam also of Giles, a capital four mile horse,) was got by Musician, out of a sister to Porouette by Young Eagle—Parisot by Sir Peter,—her dam Deceit, sister to the yellow mare by Tandem Perdita, by Herod—Fair Forester by Sloe—Forester—Partner—Croft's Bay Barb—Makeless—Brimmer—Son of Dodsworth—Barton Barb Mare.

Waxy Pope, so called from being the son of Waxy, was out of the famous old Prunella, that was also the dam of Penelope, (the dam of Whalebone, Whisker, &c.), Parasol, Pelisse, Podargus, Pioneer, Pledge, Pope Joan, Piquet, and Prudence—all distinguished.

Musician was got by Worthy, out of Woodbine, (dam also of Music and Minuett, both winners of the Oaks,) by Woodpecker—Puzzle by Matchem—Princess by Herod—Julia Blank—Spectator's dam by Partner, &c.

Young Eagle, own brother to Eagle and Spread Eagle, was got by Volunteer, dam by Highflyer, &c.

Worthy was got by Pot-8-o's, out of Maria by Herod, grandam Lisette, by Snap, out of Miss Windsor by the Godolphin Arabian.

If Amateurs and Breeders are to be controlled by performances, then Skylark occupies an enviable eminence; his performances have never been equalled on any turf—he won more King's Plates, and 3 and 4 mile races, than any horse that ever run: in a majority of the races with heavier weights than his competitors, and the betting was often 6, 10, and sometimes 15 to 1 Skylark against the field!

He beat many horses of the highest renown at all distances; among them Lady Elizabeth had twice to yield to his superior prowess, and she ran 4 miles at 5 years old, with 137lbs. in 7:45.

It has been said of him, that "those who have never seen him run, can form but a faint idea of his capabilities, and as a proof of the high estimation in which he stood with Turfmen, he was handicapped to carry 15st. (210lbs.) for the Corinthian Stakes."

So pre-eminently successful was he, at long distances and heavy weights, (often giving great odds,) that he was frequently permitted to walk over, and "the alterations in the King's Plates have been attributed to his unparalleled performances." At the age of nine years, his challenge to run with any horse, 4 miles, carrying 140lbs., not being accepted, he was withdrawn from the turf, as free from blemish or injury as when he first started.

Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1838. [J27] L. P. CHEATHAM.

IMPORTED TRUSTEE.

THIS magnificent horse is now at my stables, near the Union Course, Long Island, and will be put to mares at $60 the season, and $1 to the groom, payable on the 15th of July. Mares to be paid for before taken away. Trustee ran third for the Derby, 101 subscribers, and was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland after the race, for 2000 guineas, and was purchased from him by Messrs. Ogden & Corbin, and sent to the United States.

The subscriber is not liable for accidents or escapes.

New York, Feb. 1, 1838. JOHN R. SNEDIKER.

Pedigree and Performances of Trustee.

Trustee, a ch. h. foaled in 1829, and bred by W. Ridsdale, was got by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c., and the sire of Memnon, The Colonel, Emma, Gibside, Fairy, by Hermes, out of Vicissitude by Pipato.—Beatrice by Sir Peter, &c &c. See Stud Book.

Catton, sire of Trustee, was got by Golumpus, own brother to Hedley and Wanderer, his dam Lucy Gray, by Timothy, (by Delpini, out of Cora by Matchem,) grandam Lucy, by Florizel, out of Phrenzy by Eclipse.

Catton won 7 times at Doncaster, 11 at York, 3 at Newmarket, and one at Preston. During his career he won 14 successive races and walked over one. As will be seen by the Calendar, he was one of the best four milers of his day, and is the sire of many well-known winners, among whom are Tarrare, winner of the St. Leger, Anna, sister to Tarrare, David, Contest, Minster, Diana, Lady Charlotte, Mundig, &c. &c. See Weatherby's Racing Calendar.

At the Epsom meeting, 1835, Mundig, own brother to Trustee, won the Derby Stakes for 3 year olds, carrying 8st. 7lb., mile and a half, 128 subscribers; 14 started; beating Ascot, Pelops, Ibrahim, Selinus, Coriolanus, by Emilius, &c. &c. 7 to 4 agst. Ibrahim, 3 to 1 agst. Ascot, 6 to 1 agst. Mundig. Ascot came in second, Ibrahim not placed.

At Epsom meeting, in the Spring of 1834, Trustee ran third to St Giles (St. Giles, Margrave, and Trustee at this time all belonged to the same owners, Gully and Ridsdale) for the Derby Stakes, 101 subscribers, beating Margrave, (winner of the St. Leger Stakes both at Doncaster and Newmarket,) Beiram, (winner of the July and Prendergast Stakes,) Kate, Emiliana, Non Compos, Rounceval, Mixbury, and 13 others, 23 having started. After this race, Trustee was purchased by the Duke of Cleaveland for 2000 guineas.

At Doncaster, the same year, he was beaten by Margrave and Birdcatcher, none others placed; 73 subs.

At the Newmarket Houghton meeting, same year, Trustee, at 8st. 4lb., ridden by Chifney, beat Mr. Greville's Dryad, 7st. 10lb., D.M., in a match, 300 sovs. a-side, h. ft. Two to one on Trustee.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting, 1833, Trustee ran second to Rounceval, (whom he had previously beaten) for the Oatland Stakes, D.I., 15 subs.; beating Consol, Beiram, Bizarre, Lady Fly, Argent, and Hokee Pokee.

At the same meeting he won the Claret Stakes of 200 sovs. each, h. ft., carrying 8st. 7lb., D.I.; 8 subs.; beating Minster, Beiram, and Margrave, a second time; even betting on Trustee.

At Newmarket, First Spring meeting, he beat Lord Conyngham's Minster, 8st. 7lb. each, in a match across the flat, 200 sovs., h. ft.; 7 to 4 on Trustee.

At York August meeting, same year, he was beaten by Voluna, for the Great Subscription, 2 miles, 11 subs.; 5 to 2 on Trustee.

At the same meeting, Trustee was beaten by Voluna and Titus, carrying 8st. 3lb. Two miles.

At the Doncaster September meeting, he won the Claret Stakes, carrying 8st. 5lb., 2 miles 3 subs., beating Pickpocket, by St. Patrick, &c.

At the Newmarket Craven meeting; 1834, Trustee ran second to Sir Mark Wood's Oaks filly Vespa, D.I., carrying 8st. 10lb, and beating Lottery, out of Pledge, Lord Exeter's Galata, (winner of the Oaks), Chantilly, Ann, by Catton, and Col. Peel's Malibran; 9 to 2 agst. Trustee, and 8 to 1 agst. Vespa. In this race Trustee was lamed, but at the Newmarket First Spring meeting, 1835, having stood his training, he was run against and beaten by Col. Peel's Nonsense, and Lord Exeter's Datura, when Lord Cleaveland ordered him to be sold.

Catton, Trustee's sire, had seven winners in the year 1836, on the English turf, who won twelve prizes. He had 32 of his get entered for the big things in 1837. In 1835 Catton had six winners—Mundig, Aratus, Contest, Chancellor, Zora, &c., who won 10 prizes, including the Derby Stakes at Epsom, of 3,300*l.* and 600*l.* at Doncaster.

Whisker, the sire of Trustee's dam, Emma, has several very fine runners on the English turf. In 1835 Whisker's get won eleven prizes, including the gold cups at Liverpool and Northallerton. [F3-tf.]

PENNOYER

WILL STAND this season at Augusta, Ga., at $50. He is out of the celebrated race mare Ariel, and got by Henry; for further particulars as to sire and dam see Tur

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BALTIMORE, Md. - - - - Kendall Course, Annual Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 8th May.
BARNWELL, S. C. - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th March.
BROAD ROCK, Va. - - - Tree Hill Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th April.
CENTREVILLE, L. I. - - Trotting Course, *Racing* Sweepstakes, 3d Thursday, 19th April.
" " " " " Trotting Sweepstakes, 1st week in May.
" " " Annual Trotting Club meeting, about the middle of May.
CHARLESTON, S. C. - - Washington Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 3d Saturday, 17th Feb.
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - Western Course, Annual J. C. Spring meeting, last Tuesday, Feb. 27.
LAWRENCEVILLE, Va. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d April.
MOUNT STERLING, Ky. Jockey Club Spring meeting, 1st Thursday, 3d May.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th March.
MACON, Ga. - - - - - Central Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 20th March.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th April.
NEWMARKET, Va. - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Tuesday, 17th April.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - - Eclipse Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d April.
" " " Pontchartrain Course, J. C. Spring meeting, 2d Tuesday, 10th April.
NATCHEZ, Miss. - - - Match, 3 m. h., $10,000 a side, *Angora* vs. *Linnet*, Tuesday, March 13.
Same day, a Sweepstakes of 7 subs at $1000 each, 2 mile heats.
" " Match, 4 m.h., $5000 a-side, *Extio* vs. *Fanny Wright*, Wed. March 14.
" " J. C. Spring meeting, Pharsalia Course, 3d Wednesday, 21st March.
" " Match, 2 m.h., 500 Bales Cotton a-side, *Angora* vs. *Rodolph*, 17th May.
NASHVILLE, Tenn. - - Match, $5000 a-side, h. ft., *Picton* vs. *Sarah Bladen*, 4th Wed. May 23.
PHILADELPHIA, Pa. - - And Camden, N. J. Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 22d May.
PLAQUEMINE, La. - - - Jockey Club Spring meeting, 3d Wednesday, 18th April.
ST. MATTHEWS, S.C. - Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - Eagle Course, First Spring meeting, 4th Tuesday, 24th April.
WASHINGTON CITY. - Match, $10,000 aside, *Fanny Wyatt* vs. *Decatur*, 1st Tuesday, 1st May.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

STALLIONS FOR 1838.

BERTRAND, by Archie, out of Eliza by Imp. Bedford, will stand at James Lindsay's, four miles from Lexington, Ky, at $100.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, will stand at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70 the season.

CHATEAU MARGAUX, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Wasp by Gohanna, will stand at the stables of Alexander Carter, at Mount Meigs, Ala., at $100.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archie, will stand at the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, at $30 the season, and $50 to insure.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, will stand at Col. Hampton's Woodlands Estate, below Columbia, S. C., at $75 the season and $120 to insure.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, will stand at the stable of Capt. Edward H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville County, N. C.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, will stand at Jas. Jackson's stables, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, will stand at Lagrange, Troup Co., Georgia. Particulars in due time ALBERT A. JETER.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, will stand at the Hampton Course, near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, will stand at the stable of Col. George Elliot, near Gallatin, Sumner Co., Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

LITTLE TURTLE, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel, grandam by Eclipse, (Buford's) will stand at Grass Hills, Gallatin Co., Ky., at $20. The best kind of grasse gratis.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, will stand at Oaks, Limestone County, Ala., the residence of Dr. A. Whitlocke, at $100—$120 at the end of the year—$200 insurance—$1 to the groom.

MINGO, by American Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, will stand at Cooper's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Mermaid by Orville, will stand at McMinnville Tenn., under the care of Alex. Black, at $60, $100 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel, will stand at Augusta, Ga, at $50 the season. JOHN MORRISON.

OWTON, *Imported*, by Oiseau, out of Katharina by Woful, will stand at the stable of Dr. rritt, near Hicksford, Va.

BIN HOOD, by Henry, dam by Hickory, will stand in the town of Pulaski, Tenn., under he care of Jesse Luton, at $40 and $60.

ATTLER will stand at the farm of G. W. Parker, two miles north of Gallatin, Tenn., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Wexy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, will stand at the stables of L. P. Cheatham, 2 miles from Nashville, Tenn., at $100, $125 to insure, $1 to the groom.

ST. GILES, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Ascot Lass by Ar lrossan, will stand at the stable of James Jackson, near Florence, Ala., at $60, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, will stand at Parker E. Todhunter's, Esq. Jassamine Co., Ky., at $100. Mares kept during the season free of charge.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, will stand at the stable of John R. Snediker, near the Union Course, L. I.

VALENTINE, *Imported*, by Magistrate, out of Miss Forrester by Diamond, will stand at the stables of Joseph H. Van Mater, Monmouth Co., N. J., at $50 the season, $75 to insure.

Notices like the above (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Three Dollars. No charge will be made, however, to those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail in our columns.

THE BAYADERE.—The re-production of this charming opera has caused quite a sensation among the play-going people of our generally unexcitable town. The wonderful performances of La Petite Augusta have taken us all by storm, and some of the elderly gentlemen who frequent the orchestra, transported out of their usual apathy, have been carried into such an excess of enthusiam, that they scarcely know how to restrain their feelings. Night after night they are seen occupying the same places, gazing with eyes intent on the rapid and elegant movements of the young danseuse, and at each graceful change of step bursting into same half-uttered exclamation of delight. Nor is it among these ancient bachelors only that the excitement prevails. Old and young share it alike, and the ladies—bless their pretty faces—enter into it with all the fervor of their sex. We have had nothing like it since the almost divine cantatrice, Mrs. Wood, with her exquisite voice and still more exquisite skill, set the whole town music-mad, and even that mania was scarcely equal in degree to that which now rages. Decently dignified, as we flatter ourselves is our own deportment on most occasions, we confess that we have dot been without our share of the common impulse, and we have more than once latterly caught ourselves shouting bravo, and applauding until the very palms of our hands did smart again with the unaccustomed exercise.

And then, besides the peerless Augusta—peerless in this fresh spring-time of her budding perfections—we have the pretty Miss Lee, with her agile form, her quick step and her buoyant spirit, giving additional attraction to the delightful Bayadere. Sorry are we—very sorry—that indiscreet friends and injudicious admirers, should compel a show of rivalry between these little girls, which at their tender age should not be thought of. Envy will come to them full soon in their profession, and it is a sad thing to force the feeling into premature existence. Nor is there, in this instance, any good reason for its exercise. They are not rivals—they cannot be rivals. Miss Lee is undoubtedly very clever; she dances with ease and spirit, and with proper cultivation, will make a valuable acquisition to any *corps de ballet*, but she cannot hope to equal Augusta. The latter has a natural gift—a genius for this description of performance—which study and practice will undoubtedly heighten and improve, but which they can never impart. Though scarcely twelve years old, she executes the most difficult movements with a precision and firmness which years of constant and laborious execution have in many cases failed to bestow. We affect no superlative zeal—no extravagance of praise in saying that on our stage she has never been surpassed. Celeste had greater muscular development, but whatever superiority this gave her, is more than equalled by the higher finish—the more perfect grace of the juvenile artiste.

Of course we mean no unkindness to Miss Lee in these remarks. We have been familiar with her appearance since she was a mere infant, and we are pleased to see the promise she now gives of accomplished womanhood. Right glad were we to learn that her recent benefit proved so richly productive, and much do we hope that her future career will be prosperous and happy. But though she may be and probably is too young to be aware of the fact, those under whose guardianship she is placed should remember, that, notwithstanding a temporary excitement may urge her into a position beyond her capabilities, when it passes away, the recoil of opinion will sink her even beneath her proper level. Saturday News.

MARRIED—At Natchez, on Thursday, Jan. 29, Mr. GEORGE PERCIVAL FARREN, favorably known as an actor of sterling abilities, to Miss MARY ANN RUSSELL, daughter of Richard Russell, Esq., manager of the Camp-street Theatre, New Orleans.

NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

OVER THE ECLIPSE COURSE. Spring Meeting, to commence on the First Tuesday, 3d day of April, 1838.

First Day—The great 2 Mile Sweepstake for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $1000, forfeit $250. Five subs. and closed.
1. W. J. Minor names imp. b. f. *Britannia*, by Medley, dam by Dick Andrews.
2. Mumford Wells names ch. f. *Taglioni*, by imp. Leviathan, d. Susan Hull by Timoleon.
3. Col. A. L. Bingaman n b. c. *Mad Anthony*, by Trumpator, d. by Jenkins' William.
4. F. Duplantier names ch. f. *Wien*, by imp. Leviathan, out of the dam of Linnet.
5. Jas. S. Garrison names (Mr. John Campbell's) ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, dam Maria West by Marion.

Second Day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, $200 to the second best horse provided more than two start; and if but two, the winner to receive $1000. Two mile heats.

Third Day—Jockey Club Purse $1800; $200 of this purse to the second best horse, provided more than two start; and if but two, the winner to receive $1500. Three mile heats.

Fourth Day—The New Orleans Plate, consisting of a Splendid Tea Service of Silver, value $1600. Two mile heats; 5 year olds and over to carry 100lbs., 4 year olds and under, their appropriate weights.

Fifth Day—Jockey Club Purse $3000, $500 to the second best horse, provided more than two start; and if but two, the winner to receive $2500. Four mile heats.

Sixth Day—Proprietor's Purse $600, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

The track is in the best condi ion. Additional stands are now erecting, capable of containing from 6 to 10,000 persons. Stables for any number of race horses furnished gratis.
[F17] Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

FOXES WANTED.

A Liberal price will be paid at This Office, 157 Broadway, for three pair of full grown red FOXES, male and female. They are wanted to propagate the breed in a hunting district at the South, in which they will be turned loose. No certificate of their "pedigree or performances" will be required, but lame or lame *varmint* need not apply. For staunch, lusty, full grown fellows, "of the right sort," caught wild, a very liberal price will be given.

SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following Sweepstakes are to come off over the Camden and Philadelphia Course, at the Regular Spring meetings.

A Sweepstakes, Spring, 1838, for colts and fillies then 3 years old, sub. $300, ft. $100, to close 1st March. Now 7 subs.

Sweepstakes, Spring, 1839, for colts and fillies then 3 years old, sub. $500, ft. $200. To close 1st. Jan. 1839. Now 2 subs.

Sweepstakes, Spring, 1840, for colts and fillies then 3 years old, sub. $500, ft. $200. To close 1st Jan. 1838. Now 7 subs.

A Produce Stake for colts and fillies foaled Spring 1838, sub. $500, ft. $200

The Spring meeting over this Course will take place the 4th Tuesday in May, particulars of which will be given hereafter. W. N. FRIEND.
Camden, N. J., Feb. 7, 1838. [F17-tf.]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Regular Spring Meeting on the Bascombe Course, will commence on the 2d Tuesday of March ensuing, and continue five days. The purses are free for all horses in the Union.

First Day—Tuesday, March 12—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $300 each, h. ft.
Vance John names br. c. *Melzare*, by Bertrand, dam by Sir Richard.
Tayloe & Johnston name Imp. br. f. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko.
J. S. Garrison names ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion.
D. Stephenson names Imp. b. f. *Frolicsome Fanny*, by Lottery, dam by Whisker.
Wednesday—Second Day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.
Thursday—Third Day—Jockey Club Purse $750, Three mile heats.
Friday—Fourth Day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.
Saturday—Fifth Day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Mobile, Feb. 1, 1838. [F17-tf.] FRED. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

PONTCHARTRAIN RACE COURSE.

THE races over the new Race Course in the vicinity of the city of New Orleans, and immediately adjacent to the Pontchartrain Railroad (erected at Gentilly) will commence on the 2nd Tuesday 9th day) in April next.

1st Day, Sweepstakes, $1000 entrance, $250 forfeit, for 3 year old colts and fillies, to name and close on the 7th day of April, three or more to make a race.

The same purses will be given as are run for at the Eclipse Course, with the addition of a purse of $1000 for Cerole horses.

HENRY A. TAYLOE,
JULIUS C. BRANCH, } *Proprietors.*
M. MARIGNY,

New Orleans, Jan. 5, 1838. [F18—tf.]

ROBIN HOOD.

THIS distinguished race horse, who has in so many conflicts vanquished nearly all the best horses in the East, and who has very justly been termed the Flying Childers of America, will make his next season in the town of Pulaski, Tennessee, under the care of Jesse Luton. His terms will be $40 and $60. His fine size, intrinsic beauty, and matchless strength, will at once bespeak to the eye of the judge, his vast superiority as a race horse. He is by the famous Henry, the competitor of Eclipse—his dam by that hard bottomed four mile horse, Hickory, the best son of Imp. Whip, &c. &c.
Pulaski, Tenn., Jan. 30, 1838. [F13-2t] JESSE LUTON.

RATLER.

THE SPLENDID FOUR MILER, RATLER, brother to Childers, Sumpter and Flirtilla, who won 20 races, running 152 miles, (nearly double the distance ran by any other horse now standing in America), never running a shorter distance than two mile heats, but more frequently running and winning 3 to 4 mile heats, beating easily such distinguished competitors as Contention, Napoleon and Kosciusko. Ratler was ready three times to test the powers of the *renowned Virginian*, but the latter always *declined* a contest—will stand at my farm, two miles North of Gallatin, Tennessee, at 50 dollars, and one to the groom; the season to commence the 15th February and end the 15th July. Mares well fed with grain and fed upon good rye lots at one dollar and twenty-five cents per week. All possible care will be taken to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either.

Ratler's colts (although nearly always standing in a *racing frontier*, where he served but few good mares) have run with that success which might have been expected from his superior size and form, his pure blood and wonderful performances. Washington, Louisa Simmes, Emilie Fairpaix, De Witt Clinton, Morgan Ratler, Medora, Pelham, Sir Richard, Railway, Floretta, Fanny White, Cortez, Jemima, Monsoon, Edward, and many others, have distinguished themselves at all distances, for whose performances I refer the public to the Turf Register and Sporting Magazine. Ratler mares have greatly distinguished themselves in the breeding stud, and are in greater demand as breeders than the get of any other horse now standing in America. Mingo, Atalanta, (the two best four milers on the Continent) Bonny Black, Isaac of York, Experiment, and others, are from Ratler mares. Polly Hopkins, Jackson, Lady Relief, and John Bascombe, are likewise descended from Ratler's distinguished maternal ancestry. Mary Wynn, by Eclipse, dam Flirtilla (Ratler's full sister) beat easily Othello, a distinguished son of Imp. Leviathan, four mile heats, at Tuscumbia, Alabama, and was permitted to walk the three mile day at Florence. G. W. PARKER.
This January the 19th, 1838. [F17]

IMPORTED CONSOL,

BY LOTTERY, dam by Cerberus, g. dam by Delpini, out of Tipple Cider by King Fergus, (the grandam of The Colonel), &c., &c., also stands at the same stables, 9 miles southwest from Huntsville, at $70 the season, and $1 to the groom. A satisfactory note payable at the end of the year must be sent with the mare; if paid by the 1st of July, when the season expires, 60 dollars will be received. "Insurance at $100."

Consol's pedigree and performance on the turf have been given heretofore. He was a stout horse for long distances and heavy weights. Out of 21 engagements, he won and received forfeit *eleven* times; ran second four times; ran third four times, and in three races only was not placed. He retired from the turf at 7 years old, all sound. His stock are now yearlings, and of fine appearance, full of bone and a high finish.
January 15, 1838. F17—3t E. H. BOARDMAN.

ECLIPSE.

IT is with pleasure I can inform my friends that AMERICAN ECLIPSE is in fine health and condition, and will stand the ensuing season at my stable, in Woodford County, Kentucky, at one hundred dollars. The season will commence on the 10th day of the present month, and end on the first day of July next. I have safe and extensive pastures, and separate lots for mares from a distance to foal in, gratis, and to be fed with gram on reasonable terms. Great care will be taken to prevent accidents, but no responsibility will be undertaken should any happen.

Those who may wish to breed to Eclipse will do well to make early engagements, as he is limited to sixty mares; and, in all probability, this will be his last season in this State.
Servants sent with mares boarded gratis. E. M. BLACKBURN.
Kentucky, Feb. 1, 1838. [F17—tf.]

BERNERS' COMUS

WILL STAND this year at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Alabama, at $80, and $1 to Mr. Hill, the groom, payable on the 1st Jan., 1839, for which an approved note will be required before the mare is taken away: A discount of $10 will be allowed for payment when the season closes, 1st July. Insurance by agreement.

Good and ample preparations are made for mares and foals, which will be fed as directed at a moderate price, and every needful care which my personal attention and faithful grooms can bestow will be given; but at the risk of the owner.

Berners' Comus is a rich dark brown, with some white marks, and a dash of white in his face. He is 16 hands high of great general length, of unexceptionable form, and the highest finish. Without being incumbered with heavy bone and useless flesh, his muscles, sinews, and tendons, are of the most powerful kind and admirably developed; legs and feet of the first order and all sound; his head and neck are equal to any on either side of the water, and, taken as a whole, he is among the very best samples of the high bred English Race Horse.

Berners' Comus, after a passage of more than two months, arrived at Mobile, in the Sherbrooke, February, 1837, and only reached his stand the 9th March last; exhausted and worn down as he was, he commenced services for the season. I am happy to inform the public, that he has now entirely recovered from the fatigues of the voyage, and all the drawbacks incident to so great a change of climate, food, &c., and that he is at this time in the highest possible health and spirits.

Messrs. Tattersall, (who bought him for their own use, October, 1836,) described him as "*a beautiful dark brown, 15 hands 3 inches, was a stout runner, his action very fine, and a sure foal getter: his stock very handsome.*"—They named him *Erasmus*, but as he was sold immediately after, without making a season, under that name, or even going to Dawley, (their farm), the name was not mentioned in the bill of sale. [See certificate in note.']

PEDIGREE.

He was bred by Lord Berners, foaled in 1827, got by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, grandam Spotless by Walton, g. grandam by Trumpator, g. g. grandam by Highflyer—Otho—Snap—Regulus, &c.

Comus, his sire, was got by Sorcerer, out of Houghton Lass by Sir Peter, grandam Alexina by King Fergus—Laidela by Young Marske—Cade, &c.

Juniper, sire of his dam, was by Whiskey, out of Jenny Spinner by Dragon—her dam sister to Soldier by Eclipse.

Walton, sire of his grandam, was by Sir Peter, out of Arathusa by Dungannon—Prophet—Snap—Regulus, &c.

Trumpator was by Conductor (son of Matchem), out of Brunette by Squirrel—Dove by Matchless, &c.

Highflyer was by Herod, out of Rachel by Blank (son of Godolphin Arabian), her dam by Regulus, &c.

Sorcerer, sire of Comus, was by Trumpator, out of Young Giantess by Diomed, her dam by Matchem, &c.

This is a pedigree which for purity, and stoutness, and excellence, cannot be surpassed, and the great beauty of it is, that there is not an inferior cross to contaminate the blood of his get, nor one that was not in the highest estimation of his day, both as a racer and stallion. It is well understood among breeders of thorough-breds, that a horse or mare having even one doubtful or bad cross is as likely to breed from that as from the best; hence it is of the first importance not only that the whole pedigree should be of unquestionable purity, but that every cross should be of the most approved kind. An examination of the Racing Calendars for the last 60 or 80 years, will fully satisfy the most fastidious on this point.

Berners' Comus was a very respectable race horse, though not the fleetest of his day; John Doe, one of the most sensible men and successful trainers at Newmarket, has a very exalted opinion of him. In answer to some inquiries respecting him, he writes as follows:

"Phantom Cottage, Newmarket, Sept. 15, 1837.

"Sir,—In answer to your inquiries, I beg to say, I lived nearly eighteen years with Lord Berners, during that time nearly all his horses were bred under my superintendence; the dam of Camarine and all her produce were bred, broke, and trained by me, also Spotless' produce, and a better race of horses for stoutness [lasting] than the latter, England has not produced. Rotterdam was bred during that period, and also your Comus horse out of her, and a better horse than yours in nature, Lord Berners never bred: no horse could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for speed,—after that, he could beat nearly all the rest.

"I am, Sir, yours most respectfully,
"J. DOE, Trainer to the Earl of Lichfield."

John Doe, by his judgment and good management, has done more to bring Col. Wilson's [now Lord Berners'] racing stock into notice, than any other man; but his Lordship not being a very spirited sportsman, or a popular man, Doe has entered the service of the Earl of Lichfield, and was the first projector of the Caravan, now in general use, for transporting horses; by which means, in 1836, he was enabled to win the St. Leger at Doncaster with Elis. He also trained Phosphorus, winner of the last Derby, for his former master.

PERFORMANCES OF COMUS.

1. At Newmarket, England—First Spring Meeting, 1830, April 26, his first race, handicap sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 2 year olds, T.Y.C. 6 subs.
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, out of Rotterdam, 8st. 7lb. (119lbs) ..... Robinson. 1
Mr. Angerstein's b. f. Fanchan, 105lbs 2
Mr. Robert's b. f. by Emilius, 112lbs 3
Mr. Sowerby's br. f. Janette, 108lbs 4
Betting was 5 to 4 on Fanchan and 8 to 1 against the winner.
2. Newmarket July Meeting, 1830, July 12—Sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 year olds, colts 118lbs., and fillies 115lbs. New T.Y.C. 11 subs.
Duke of Portland's b. c. Amphiaraus, by Tiresias ..... John Day 1
Lord Anson's b. f. Zillah 2
Lord Orford's b. c. Coventry 3
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, out of Rotterdam; Mr. Hunter's gr. f. Christiana; Duke of Grafton's ch. f. Finance; Lord Exeter's ch. c. Red Rover, and Mr. Sowerby's ch. f. Amoret, also started, but were not placed. 6 to 4 against Amphiaraus, 3 to 1 against Col. Wilson's colt.
3. Ipswich, July 21, 1830—A Plate of 50*l.*, for all ages; heats, 2¼ miles.
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, out of Rotterdam, 3 yrs. 108lbs ..... W. West. 1 1
Mr. Hedley's ch. g. Blinker, 4 yrs. 123lbs 2 2
Mr. Caldecott's b. c. Scimetar, 4 yrs. 123 lbs ..... 3 dr
4. Bedford, Sept. 7, 1830—The Woburn Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for 3 year olds, 96lbs.—4, 114—5, 126—6 and aged 131lbs. Two mile heats. 10 subs.
Mr. Theaksan's br. c. by Emilius, 3 yrs 6 0 1 1
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 3 yrs 2 0 2 2
Mr. Goodison's b. c. Paradox 3 yrs 1 4 3 3
Duke of Richmond's Rough Robin, 5 yrs ..... 3 3 dr
Col. Russell's b. c. Steamer, 3 yrs ..... 5 5 dr
Mr Clark's ch. f. Taglioni, 3 yrs ..... 4 dr
5. Leicester, Sept. 15, 1830—Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., 3¼ miles.
Duke of Rutland's Opidan, by Rubens, 5 yrs 1
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 3 yrs 2
Mr. Tome's b. c. Foxcote, 4 yrs 3
Same day, the Bradgate Park Stakes of 10 sovs. each, for all ages, thrice round, 5 subs.
Duke of Rutland's Opidan, 5 yrs. 117lbs ..... Robinson. 1
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 3 yrs. 91lbs 2
Mr. Messer's br. h. Poor Fellow, 5 yrs. 112lbs 3
6. Newmarket, First October meeting, 1830—The Town Plate of 50*l*, for 3 year olds, colts 119lbs., fillies 115lbs. D.I. Ditch in. Two miles 97 yards.
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, out of Rotterdam ..... Arnull. 1
Mr. Rogers' ch. c. Firman 2
Lord Ranelagh's br. c. Donegani 3
Duke of Grafton's br. f. Emerald 4
Mr. Robert's ch. c. Claudsley 5
Lord Tavistock's b. f. by Orville 6
7. Newmarket, Second October meeting, 1830—A Gold Cup value 90 sovs. (the remainder in specie,) a subscription of 10 sovs each, 14 subs; less than a mile.
Mr. Rogers' b. c. Harold, by Manfred, 4 yrs. 121lbs 1
Mr. Stonehewer's b. f. Variation, 3 yrs. 112lbs 2
Comus and 8 others were not placed. This was his last race for 1830.
8. Newmarket Craven meeting, April 4, 1831—The Craven Stakes, a subscription of 10 sovs. each, for 2 year olds 84lbs.—3, 116—4, 125—5, 131—6 and aged 134lbs. A.F. 16 subs. 1¼ miles.
Mr. Chifney's b. c Priam, 3 yrs ..... Robinson. 1
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 3 yrs 2
Mr. Nowell's ch. c. Marvel, by Muley, 2 yrs 3
His Majesty's b. c. by Mustachio, Mr. Houldsworth's ch. f. Fortitude, 4 yrs., Mr. Cooper's b. f. by Comus, 2 yrs., Lord Chesterfield's ch. c. Massaroni, 2 yrs., Mr. Ridsdale's Tranby, 4 yrs., Sir S. Graham's b. c. Turk, 2 yrs., and Lord Tavistock's br. c. Pedro, by Emilius, 2 yrs., also started, but were not placed.

Speaking of this race, the New Sporting Magazine remarks:—"Priam, the matchless Priam, (*matchless* at present in every sense of the word) was backed at odds to do that which his surpassing powers and action would render it difficult for him *not* to do. Winning with him is truly a matter of course. He came in first with perfect ease, with Robinson on him, beating a very clever colt got by Comus, out of Rotterdam, belonging to Col. Wilson, and signally exposing a cluster of the half good, and wholly bad and indifferent."

Note by the Old Sporting Magazine:—"The Craven Stakes, invariably the first race, had 16 subscribers, but because Priam was in it, or some other bugbear (as it was made only two days before) 6 of them paid, among whom was Lucetta and Carthage. They ought to have had a trial, as the price was the same, and there is no disgrace in being beaten by Priam.—The start was pretty good, and Priam took a place about the middle of the front, and brought them such a pace, that by the time they had come half way, defeat and destruction were quite certain. Col. Wilson's Rotterdam colt was a very good second, as regards the others, but nowhere as regards Priam—*he* won a long way, was never called upon, but used his own discretion, which was the admiration of every one, even of those who had taken the enormous odds of 2 to 1 upon him against so large a field. John Day rede the Rotterdam colt very sensibly, and ceased to persevere the moment it was useless. He beat all the others just in the style and distance that Priam beat him.

"*Won by three lengths.*"

9. The same week, at Newmarket—The Port Stakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for colts, 119lbs. Two middle miles. The owner of the second horse to withdraw his stake. 11 subs.
Mr. W. Chifney's b. c. Priam, by Emilius ..... Robinson. 1
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, out of Rotterdam 2
Lord Exeter'd b. c. Mahmoud, by Sultan 3
3 to 1 on Priam.
10. Newmarket First Spring meeting, April 20, 1831—50*l.* for 3 year olds, 103lbs.—4, 123—5, 130lbs. B.C. Beacon Course is 4 miles 1 furlong and 138 yards.
Mr. Gully's ch. c. Little Red Rover, by Tramp, 3 yrs 1
Lord Exeter's b c. Mahmoud, 3 yrs 2
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 3 yrs 3
Mr. W. Chifney's Snarl, by Wrangler, 3 yrs 4
In this race Comus ran out of the course before passing the ditch, but was turned and came in as above, showing unflinching game at the top of his speed. It was thought very remarkable by those that saw the race, that he made up the gap of more than a quarter of a mile, and came in 3d, ending up hill, and the longest course in any country.
11. Ipswich, July 5, 1831—His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas, 4 year olds, 147lbs.—5, 161—6, 166—and aged 168lbs. Four mile heats.
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 4 yrs ..... G. Edwards. 1 1
Mr. R. Wilson's ch. h. Gambale, 5 yrs ..... 2 dr
From the New Sporting Magazine.

"His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas. Heats, 4 miles. Col. Wilson's Rotterdam Colt, rode by G. Edwards (twice a close competitor of Priam) was opposed to Mr. R. Wilson's Gambal, who had quite enough in the first heat to satisfy his master that it would be useless to have 'another division,' on the question. Gambal was drawn in the second heat."

12. At Newmarket, July meeting, 1831—July 12—50*l.* for 3 year olds, 93lbs.—4, 112—5, 120—6, 124—and aged 126lbs. D.I Two miles 97 yards.
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 4 yrs ..... Buckle. 1
Sir Mark Wood's br. m. Lucetta, 5 yrs 2
A very betting race, as Lucetta was the fastest mare of any except Camarine, by Juniper. Bets were 11 to 8 on Lucetta.

From the New Sporting Magazine.

"A Plate of 50 sovs. was contested by Lucetta and the Rotterdam colt, and won cleverly by the latter by about a length and a half, rode by Buckle. This was looked upon as a good thing by Sir Mark, and a select few who lost a large stake; the odds were 7 to 4 on the loser."

13. Leicester, Sept. 11, 1831—The Gold Cup, value 200 sovs., the surplus in specie, about 2¼ miles, 11 subs.
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 4 yrs 1
Mr. Chapman's br. c. The Cardinal, 4 yrs 2
14. The next day, Sept. 15—The Burgess Plate of 100 sovs. Heats, thrice round, more than 3 miles.
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 4 yrs. 121lbs ..... Boyce. 1 1
Mr. Carter's b. c. All's Well, 4 yrs. 117lbs 3 2
Mr. Hobson's b. f. Miss Georgiana, 4 yrs. 115lbs 2 3
Observe the difference in weights.
15. 1832—Newmarket Craven meeting, April 24—First class of the Oatland Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. D I. 9 subs.
Duke of Grafton's b. f. Oxygen, by Emilius, 3 yrs. 107lbs ..... Conelly. 1
Mr. Watt's ch. c. Mazeppa 4 yrs. 116lbs 2
Gen Grosvenor's b. c. Sarpedon, 3 yrs. 107lbs 3
Col. Wilson's br. c. by Comus, 4 yrs. 121lbs., Capt. Arthur, 4 yrs. 122lbs., Snarl, 4 yrs. 104lbs., Anthony, 3 yrs. 111lbs., were not placed.
16. Newmarket First Spring meeting, May 16—The King's Plate of 100 guineas, 4 year olds, 154lbs.—5, 163—6 and aged, 168lbs. R. C.
Lord Chesterfield's Priam, 4 yrs ..... Conelly. 1
Sir Mark Wood's Lucetta, 5 yrs 2
Lord Berners' Comus showed a temporary lameness 3
17. Huntingdon, July 31—Comus ran 3d, Two mile heats, beating Scuffle, Haymaker, Santillane, and Zarina.
18. Next day—Handicap Sweepstakes. Heats, once round. 8 subs.
Lord Berners' Comus, 5 yrs. 128lbs ..... Conelly. 1 1
Mr. Smith's ch. m. Camarine, 5 yrs. 106lbs 2 2
Col. Peel's b. c. Ernest, 3 yrs. 93lbs ..... 2 dr
19. Bedford, Sept. 6, 1832—Heats, 2 miles. 15 subs.
Lord Berners' Comus, 5 yrs. 126lbs 1 3 1
Lord Clarendon's ch. f. Datura, 3 yrs. 95lbs. (a first rate filly) 3 1 2
Mr. Sowerby's ch. c. Vagrant, 4 yrs 114lbs 2 4 3
Gen. Grosvenor's b. c. Santillane, 3 yrs. 98lbs 4 2 4
20. Leicester, Sept. 13, 1832—The Gold Cup of 100 sovs., thrice round, about 3¼ miles. 11 subs.
Lord Berners' br. h. by Comus, out of Rotterdam, 5 yrs. 122lbs 1
Mr. Miles' b. h. The Cardinal, 5 yrs. 125lbs 2
Mr. Platel's b. f. Generous, 3 yrs. 93lbs ..... dis
These are all his races in 1832.
21. Newmarket First Spring meeting, April 22, 1833—Berners' Comus ran 2d to Lucetta, last 3 miles of the B. C.
22. Newmarket Second Spring meeting—Berners' Comus won 50*l.*, the 2 middle miles, beating Emit, Dinah, Waterwitch, The Hermit, Whim, Terry Alt, Eugene, and 3 others
23. At Ipswich, in July—Berners' Comus fell lame and was beat, 2 mile heats, by Lord Burlington's Bizarre, and Datura—he ran 2d the 1st heat, and 3d the last heat; after which he was withdrawn from the turf.

Thus it appears, from the Calendars, that Berners' Comus was out 23 times, 13 of which was at Newmarket; that he was 11 times a winner, of which 6 were Plates, and 2 Cups, at various distances, from the Two Year Old Course (about 1100 yards) to Four mile heats.—Six times he ran second, 4 times third, and 3 times only was not placed. Once he received back his stakes of 100 sovs.

Comus, sire of Berners' Comus, was one of the best racers of his day. At 3 years old he won *seven times*, and was first favorite for the Derby, in which race he ran third.

He won all his races as a four year old, after which he was withdrawn from the turf.

The first of his get showed in 1818, when one of them (Reveller) won the Great St. Leger at Doncaster.

In 1818 he got	7	winners of	13	purses.	
1819	" 8	"	16	"	
1820	" 11	"	29	"	
1821	" 13	"	24	"	
1822	" 17	"	29	"	
1823	" 29	"	65	"	
1824	" 26	"	62	"	
1825	" 21	"	53	"	
1826	" 18	"	46	"	
1827	" 14	"	28	"	
1828	" 9	"	19	"	
1829	" 6	"	13	"	
1830	" 9	"	22	"	
1831	" 12	"	20	"	
1832	" 9	"	23	"	
1833	" 10	"	24	"	
1834